

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXVII.

OCTOBER, 1929

NO. 10



AT THE ENTRANCE OF STRATFORD HALL
Maj. Giles B. Cooke, last surviving member of Gen. R. E. Lee's
staff, standing on the steps which lead to the great hall
at Stratford, and holding the Confederate flag

LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

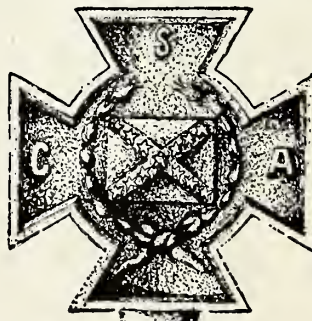
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Miss Effie Malone, Secretary Pension Board, Van Buren, Ark., is trying to get a pension for William Isaacs, who joined the 9th Missouri Cavalry, Company B, at Lexington, Mo., in April, 1862, under Captain Mosby and Col. Jeff Jones; was later with the 18th West Virginia Cavalry, with which he remained to the end. Any surviving comrades will please respond to this with any information that will help to establish his record as a Confederate soldier. He is old and in need.

The Mary Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Van Buren, Ark., will appreciate the donation of old volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for reference in their historical work. The transportation cost will be paid and the volumes bound for preservation. This Chapter does fine historical work among the schools, having from three to five hundred essays written on Southern subjects each spring, and it receives many State prizes. Address Miss Effie Malone, President, U. D. C., Van Buren, Ark.



"Lest
We
Forget"



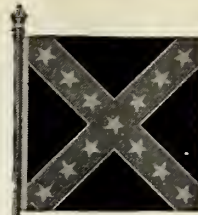
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Mrs. Walter Pile, of Marshall, Mo., would like to procure a life of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Anyone having these books for sale will please communicate with her or the VETERAN.

Request has come for the history of the Stonewall Brigade Band—when it was organized and when it went out of existence. Some reader of the VETERAN can doubtless furnish some information on this famous band of war days.

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Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. } VOL. XXXVII. NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1929 No. 10. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
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REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

STATE REUNIONS, U. C. V.

The annual reunion of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., will be held at Columbus, Miss., October 2-4, 1929.

U. C. V. REUNION, 1930.

The fortieth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, to be held at Biloxi, Miss., on the Gulf Coast, will be well financed by the State of Mississippi, a resolution having been passed by the legislature for an appropriation of \$40,000 for the entertainment of veterans and other visitors at the time. The estimated cost of the reunion is \$60,000, the balance of \$20,000 to be secured throughout the State and in the Gulf Coast cities, all of which sponsor this reunion. The dates are June 3-6, 1930.

Edmund R. Wiles, of Little Rock, Ark., has been selected as manager for this reunion at Biloxi, having made such a success of the reunion in Charlotte, N. C., and Mississippi being his native State. He is now established in Biloxi, and all communications in regard to reservations, etc., should be addressed to him there. Official headquarters for the U. C. V. will be the Buena Vista Hotel, as also the C. S. M. A. The Sons of Confederate Veterans will have headquarters at the White House. Both of these hotels are beautifully situated on the Gulf front.

A fleet of battle cruisers and other vessels under command of native Mississippians, in the deep water about Gulfport, will be a special attraction at this reunion

ANNIVERSARY OF GENERAL LEE'S DEATH.

On Sunday, October 13, a Memorial Service commemorating the fifty-ninth anniversary of the death of Gen. R. E. Lee will be held at Stratford Hall, in Westmoreland County, Va., this date being chosen in order not to conflict with the exercises held at Washington and Lee University on October 12. An interesting program will be carried out, and it is hoped that each State will send a good delegation for this occasion.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

FORGIVING THE SOUTH.

FROM THE NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN

Although a joint reunion of the veterans of the blue and the gray, as advocated by thirty-one governors and the President, would be a fine "act of forgiveness on the part of the North," the idea has been negatived by the Grand Army of the Republic unless and until the Southern soldiers confess that they were wrong and repent of the error of their way. Under circumstances of this kind there will never be any joint reunion.

It is ridiculous to talk about the North "forgiving" the South. Whatever of forgiveness there may be must come the other way. Which section was invaded? Where was the first pitched battle fought? Which section proved to be the battleground of the bloodiest internecine strife in the history of the world? Whose lands were overrun, whose property destroyed, whose cities left in smoking ruins? What people suffered for more than a decade from the cruelties and the horrors and the humiliation of reconstruction?

We have no desire to reopen old wounds or to revive animosities that should long ago have been forgotten, but the outrageous attempt to reverse history and to make a noble idea the occasion for injustice to the South calls for the most spirited and plain-spoken protest. The South has forgiven the North; the sons and the grandsons of Confederate soldiers have accepted in good faith the arbitrament of the sword. They have given undying proof of their devotion to the flag of a common nation, but as to asking for forgiveness for offenses of which they are innocent, never!

Of course, the survivors of the gallant armies of Lee and Johnston and Jackson will never confess that they were wrong. To the everlasting honor and glory of the Southern soldier it may be recorded that, with only a few exceptions, they maintained their honor and preserved their dignity amid the smoking ruins of the South when the heel of the conqueror was upon their necks. The temptation in those awful days following the close of the war to make peace with conscienceless conquerors was very great, but the Southern soldiers and the Southern people, amid the wreck of their old civilization, were as devoted to the principles which had actuated them as they had been in the first flush of military triumph. They kept their heads erect and their faces to the

future. Everything was lost save honor, but, thank God, that they retained to transmit untarnished to those who were to become the inheritors of their fair land.

It would be a fine thing to hold the proposed reunion provided the event were approached in the right spirit. But better never have anything of the kind if it is to be construed as evidence of apology upon the part of the gallant veterans of the South. It is not necessary that they testify to their good faith or their loyalty to the terms upon which they laid down their arms. History and time have long ago established those facts. The restored and prosperous South affords proof of their devotion to the arts of peace. We pity the little minds that would give expression to the sentiments that appear to have moved the Grand Army of the Republic. Evidently alone, of all others, they have remained impervious to the gentler spirit of the age.

APPRECIATION OF OUR ENGLISH CONFEDERATE.

The following came from Mrs. John T. Greene, of Knoxville, Tenn., late in August:

"In the *VETERAN* for September, 1925, appeared an article about an Englishman, Mr. H. Gerald Smythe, of Hastings, England, who kept the Confederate flag flying at his home. Being the daughter of a Confederate soldier, I had always wished to see the flag flying—and I believe this was the last place to fly our loved flag. The opportunity came this summer. From London I went to Hastings, but on driving to Mr. Smythe's home, the flag was not flying. Too late! His widow informed me that he passed away only two weeks before, on July 7, 1929, and the flag he loved was used as his pall.

"In Mr. Smythe's library were several pictures of Gen. Robert E. Lee, a lock of his hair framed, pictures of Confederate flags, and other relics of the Confederacy, which Mrs. Smythe told me would be sent to the Lee Museum at Lexington, Va. The South has lost a sincere friend in the passing of Mr. Smythe."

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

The interesting article on "A Boy of the Old Dominion During the War between the States" introduces to *VETERAN* readers the Rev. Milton Bennett Lambdin, now of Washington, D. C., widely known as minister of the Presbyterean Church, lecturer, and author. He is of the South, and his reminiscences of those boyhood days in old Alexandria are vivid pictures of conditions in that Southern city in the hands of the enemy.

REVERIE.

BY SUSAN C. MILNER.

To-day my soul has dwelt with precious things,
My lips have smiled, while eyes have filled with
tears—

I've roamed a Southern home and viewed with joy
Dear relics of its happy yesteryears.
Through spacious rooms a sense of peace prevailed,
I felt the magic charm of long ago,
And fancy made of me an olden guest,
With dusky servants running to and fro.
Some rosewood chairs, upholstered with brocade,
Which oft had been renewed by hands of love,
Were placed with polished tables, tester beds—
Old heirlooms treasured in a room above:
An attic room that made my spirit dream,
A place that I was bidden to explore,
And ope, at will, old bridal chests and trunks,
Uplifting garments from their precious store,
The while I breathed a fragrance from their folds,
Familiar scents that floated on the air,
Sweet lavender and sprigs of mignonette,
Cape jasmine leaves and roses, dried with care.
I touched a ruffled gown, a painted fan,
A filmy scarf, long mitts of silken lace,
I seemed to see a fountain, garden flowers,
Soft moonbeams falling on a girlish face.
And then I lifted from a tray below
Some things that Love and Pride had packed away—
A flattened army cap, an old canteen,
A worn and faded uniform of gray—
O, yes, my soul has dwelt with lovely things,
Whose dear and wondrous charm shall ne'er depart,
The things that roam through mem'ries' troublous
lane,

Then nestle down to rest within the heart!

3936 Locust, Street, Kansas City, Mo.

DID NOT ADVOCATE SURRENDER.

Referring to the interesting article on General Forrest in the VETERAN for September, Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Bradenton, Fla., compliments this contribution from his old friend, Capt. James Dinkins, but thinks he is mistaken in giving Pillow and Buckner as the generals who decided to surrender the fort, saying: "In General Forrest's official report, he very plainly states that General Pillow never advocated surrender, but agreed with Forrest in thinking they should cut their way out, if necessary, and that he (Pillow) did refuse to surrender, and went out as Forrest did before the surrender agreed on by Floyd and Buckner had been made, though General Floyd also made his way out, leaving the surrender to be made by Buckner."

HONORED AT STRATFORD.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. MARY CARTER WINTER, EDITOR
C. S. M. A. DEPARTMENT.

Maj. Giles B. Cooke, last surviving member of Gen. R. E. Lee's staff, and Chaplain General of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, was perhaps the most distinguished guest in the assembly that gathered recently in Westmoreland County, Va., to witness the transfer of Stratford, birthplace of Gen. R. E. Lee, to the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation.

It was Major Cooke who received from Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President of the Robert E. Lee Foundation, the fifty thousand dollar check, which represented the first payment on Stratford, Major Cooke, in turn, transmitting the check to Charles E. Stuart, the owner of Stratford. The current news pictures of that week carried very interesting photographs of this transmittal and other pictures of Major Cooke, who is ninety-one years of age. His fourteen-year-old son, John Warren Cooke, also participated in the exercises at Stratford, and in one of the pictures received by the C. S. M. A. editor, Major Cooke is shown holding one corner of the huge Confederate flag, which was a feature of the presentation, while Master John Warren Cooke holds the other corner—the Old South and the Young South bound together by the vivid, never-fading folds of the Stars and Bars.

Major Cooke gave the invocation at Stratford, and just before the opening prayer he read a little poem called "When," written by Miss Sallie Washington Maupin, an appealing group of verses that recall most strongly to the Confederate veteran his "old gray jacket," his "Cross of Honor," the "Rebel Yell," and the dear flag of the Confederacy.

Later, Mr. Stuart presented to Major Cooke the canceled check for fifty thousand dollars as a souvenir of the transfer of Stratford to the Robert E. Lee Foundation. Mrs. Lanier, President of the Foundation, worked with unceasing interest and enthusiasm to raise the funds for this first payment on the home of Lee, which will now be held in perpetuity as a shrine of memory for the gallant leader of the Confederacy.

The fifty thousand dollars already raised and paid by Mrs. Lanier and her associates represents only the first payment on Stratford, and other funds must be raised. To help in the completion of the purchase of Stratford is a privilege, and the C. S. M. A. will surely want to assist in this great movement.

A JOINT REUNION

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS.

The Associated Press sent out an item from Portland, Me., on September 12, announcing that the plan for a joint reunion by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans, which was recommended and supported by President Hoover and thirty-one governors of States, was rejected.

The Committee on Resolutions disapproved the resolution and recommended it be tabled. This brought forth a spirited debate that threw the City Hall Auditorium, where they were meeting, into a roaring bedlam, as the members shouted for the privilege of speaking.

"They were wrong back in 1861," Frank O. Cole, of New Jersey, said, in favoring the committee's recommendations; "and when they admit they were wrong, and not until then, will we join with them in reunion." "Let them fold up their battle flags and store them in museums, then we will allow them to march with us."

Then, Major Gage, of Chicago, said: "We are all Americans to-day, and for God's sake, don't marr your record." But he was howled down; they would not let him speak.

Let it be understood that the United Confederate Veterans had no part whatever in having the matter brought before the Grand Army of the Republic meeting. It was conceived by the real soldiers of the North, but was opposed by the sutlers and camp followers. But Mr. Cole's reasons for supporting the motion to table the resolution were weighty. They appealed to him on knock-down objections, and really we don't see how they can be overcome—and yet, there are some reasons in favor of a joint reunion. For instance, it would give Mr. Cole and his pensioned veterans a chance to see for the first time a real live rebel, with rebel clothes on, but the sight would probably make their wounds bleed afresh and give them a claim for more pension money. But this consideration is as dust in the balance, against the reasons set forth by Mr. Cole and his pensioned veterans. Cole don't want a reunion with the Rebels until they bury their battle flags and ask forgiveness of the G. A. R. The G. A. R. don't want a reunion with the Rebels, so that is final. There will be no joint reunion.

Will Rogers said: "When the resolution was offered to hold a joint reunion with the Southern boys, they just pulled out their whiskers and started firing 'em at the suggestion. They said they would never meet the Rebels till the South admitted they were wrong—so that's one merger that is off indefinitely."

It did not occur to the members of the convention that the South had suffered great wrongs, and it is well to call to their attention that during the invasion of the South by the members of the Grand Army thousands of homes which had been the scenes of a boundless hospitality and domestic comfort for generations were ruthlessly destroyed, as well as fences, granaries, meat houses, stables, and barns, and that in many sections there remained at the close of the war little save heaps of smoldering ashes, and ruined, blackened walls. They destroyed all machinery and took away every horse, cow, and other animal that could be moved.

During Sherman's march from Atlanta, his army moved on a front of fifty miles, and Sherman's daily orders were: "Burn or destroy everything you cannot bring into camp." There was no Confederate force to interfere with his hirelings, sixteen thousand of them Germans, who had been given a bounty of \$500 each to join in the destruction of the South—and Sherman said "they did their work well." There were three hundred thousand Germans enlisted in the Federal army during 1863-64 on a contract to be paid a bounty of \$500 each to join in the destruction of the South. And they were the men who robbed our people and who burned and destroyed everything they could not take with them. Few American-born soldiers took part in the robberies.

As late as 1910 the Federal government was paying nine million dollars annually as pensions to those Germans.

Sherman descended from the Huns, and he inherited from his ancestors all the vicious, cruel, and inhuman qualities of that race. The impress and memory of Sherman's devastation will be hard to efface from the people of Georgia.

Cole and his hireling companions have no shame for having destroyed or stolen nine billion dollars' worth of property in the South. Their regret is that they did not cover the South with salt, as Rosecranz suggested to Sherman to do to Charleston. No people ever suffered greater wrongs than those of the South, and no people ever faced the conditions more courageously.

There were communities in the South during the war that had been deprived of every source of sustenance—old people, men, women and children left to suffer hunger—people who before had never known what want was.

When Cole and his pensioned veterans will admit that their conduct during the war was brutal, inhuman, cowardly, and unforgivable, then, and not till then, will Confederate veterans march with them.

The battle flags will not be buried! They are the emblems of the grand and marchless glory of the

old South. They are reminder of the wonderful achievement of the Confederate armies! The War Department records show that there were two million eight hundred and seventy-two thousand men enlisted in the Federal army, while the record shows that there were less than six hundred thousand men, rank and file, in the Confederate army during the war, including teamsters and nurses, and yet the Confederates defended themselves successfully in every engagement, when the odds against them were more than three to one.

When the Confederate soldiers laid down their arms, they returned home to begin life anew. The battles they fought during four years of bloody strife were not half so hard as the one which then confronted them, but they lifted the South from the ashes of destruction and made it the favored section of the country, and the Confederate soldiers stand to-day in unimpeachable loyalty to our great and indissoluble Union; but he has no shame for the past, which he holds as a hallowed memory, more precious than any cause and as sacred as his honor.

I am proud to speak for the survivors of that disbanded legion of honor, whose every conflict was a battle for conscience' sake, whose every victory was a triumph of an honest cause, and whose final surrender developed a heroism and fortitude without parallel in the history of any people; and if our men were heroes in battle, every home in the South had its heroine, and every lover of true greatness in womanhood will find in their lives the highest incentive for emulation. They left a record of loyalty and devotion that will ever remain a brilliant page in the annals of time.

It is well to let Mr. Cole understand that he need not rant and pull out his whiskers. The Confederate history will survive thousands of years after he and his pensioned veterans have been forgotten.

It is well for the American people everywhere to preserve the history of the Confederate men and women, for they cast a mellow glow over the country just as the sun, after its departure, leaves behind those splendors that illumine and make beautiful the evening sky.

DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH.

In the death of Miss Virginia Lucas, of Charles Town, Jefferson County, W. Va., which was caused by a distressing auto accident on July 6, the whole South mourns the loss of a loyal, patriotic daughter and one of its most gifted writers. Daughter of Daniel Bedinger Lucas, whose beautiful poems express the highest sentiments in classic form, she had

inherited much of her father's talent, and that inheritance was augmented on the maternal side. From the time she was a student at Mary Baldwin Seminary at Staunton, Va., Miss Lucas had been writing both prose and poetry, and she had published several books, in addition to editing and preparing for publication her father's essays, lectures, and poems, while carrying on her own literary research and work. She was interested in the history and traditions of her section, and her papers on the Shenandoah Valley and other parts of her beloved Virginia added largely to that history. She was a valued contributor to the *West Virginia Review*, and her contributions to the *VETERAN* in late years, interesting bits of Confederate history and exquisite verse, have been highly appreciated.

The following tribute expresses the appreciation of her own people for one who was endeared by her useful life among them:

"In the passing of this brilliant and noble woman, Jefferson County has lost its most interesting personality. The daughter of unusual parents, she combined in herself the wit, poetic genius, and even the legal talent of her distinguished father, with the strong judgment and mathematical talent of her mother. To one who has known her from her earliest youth, it has always seemed unbelievable that one person could do so many things and do them well. She was an artist, a most unusual prose writer, an exquisite poet, an accomplished scientist. But that she gave untiringly the best years of her life to 'the duty that lies nearest thee,' there is no knowing to what heights she might have risen. She had a real genius for friendship, and, like Charles Lamb, whom she somewhat resembled in her whimsical point of view and in her literary tastes, she never could dislike anyone whom she knew. No stronger heart, no purer and nobler soul ever passed, as by fire, to God."

From her poem on Matthew Fontaine Maury, these lines seem to express that sentiment which made her content to fill a humble sphere of usefulness rather than to strive for the lonely heights:

"For me, however, one whose days
Run down the little village ways,
I will forgo the lofty hill,
The sunset and the golden stars.
Bury me deep where my comrades still
Pass and repass. My pulse shall thrill
More joyously here than even—on Mars!
Angels and saints may dwell apart,
But I have given the earth my heart."

*"THE TRAGIC ERA."**

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

Despite the excellence of his previous offerings, Mr. Bowers has made his greatest contribution to American history in "The Tragic Era." It is a compactly comprehensive presentation of the inner aims and counsels responsible for the so-called "Reconstruction" epoch.

First of all, one can but admire the courage of the author in stating the case as he has done. The story he reveals reminds us of the fall of Rome, with the utter lapse of public virtue in the old Latin republic under the spell of unlimited centralization and its attendant extravagances.

Whereupon, we may wonder how and why our own republic managed to survive an orgy somewhat similar. The old order, indeed, changed and gave place to the new. There was no help for that; nevertheless, it was not utterly destroyed. In chapter after chapter, Mr. Bowers had delineated with graphic power the destructive assaults directed against the system set up by the founding fathers.

The answer as to the survival of any part of the Federal system seems to lie in the fact that in the midst of the saturnalia of tyrannical power exercised in the name of freedom—oftentimes of religion—there arose a handful of sincere zealots who, having previously set the ruthless attainment of a "moral" aim above everything refused to continue in collaboration with politicians when the latter were discovered in the act of robbing the government. Thereupon, the Federal system with its checks and balances began to reappear and the theory of Statehood in the republic became at least recognizable as a force to be reckoned with. The Supreme Court, after its very existence had been threatened by the Left Wing Radicals, or Bolsheviks, began again to function with the dictum that the Union was composed of political units definitely defined as "indestructible."

But irrevocable damage had already been done by these zealots, reminding us forcibly of the expression that a blunder is worse than a crime; for the good man who thinks wrong is oftentimes a greater menace to the social order than the criminal.

Although Mr. Bowers does not specifically refer to the matter, perhaps the post-bellum return to some degree of sanity was precipitated by the rescue of Maryland, which was the first Southern State to begin to emerge from the war-time despotism that had been established. This was accomplished through the reassertion by conservative unionist Marylanders of the principle of delegated authority.

Mr. Bowers has forcefully depicted the fearful spectacle of a powerful Church active in politics—a Church which, in previous times of ecclesiastical corruption, was distinguished for its good works and Christlike humility. In mistaken zeal this Church was itself promoting civil corruption in the name of morality. Mr. Bowers shows this Church in solemn conclave setting aside an hour of prayer for the removal from office of the man best able to stand between complete consolidation in Washington and the preservation of the local self-government, which was the most distinctive heritage of two centuries of political thought. The author has conclusively shown that no free government has ever had a narrower escape from the utter destruction of the ideas or ideals which brought it into being.

There is no evidence that the author is influenced by partisanship. Throughout the volume, for all his charges, he quotes chapter and verse based upon primary sources, or else the testimony of those who were impeached or convicted. He makes distinctions between the honest zealot who wrecked the government on behalf of a "moral cause" and the demagogue, or the crook, who made the cause the gateway for private gain.

One is astonished not only over the completeness of the work, but also with regard to the variety of detailed information that it displays. Even more remarkable is the author's insight. This is a gift associated with intuition and instinct rather than the labors of research. The statement that the poet "is born, not made," is equally true of the historian. In the opinion of the writer, no amount of sheer digging and delving creates understanding.

It is impossible in a short space to go into details with regard to this new work. It begins independently by proclaiming the long-delayed credit due to Andrew Johnson, of North Carolina and Tennessee; and no book yet written is so convincing with regard to the rascality of those who took advantage of the sincerity of reformers. No one who wishes to know and understand American history and the transition period between the Federal republic created by the founding fathers and the more or less consolidated nation which we have to-day should fail to read "The Tragic Era."

With some of the art of the dramatist, although not by way of sacrificing to the truth of history, the author shifts the scene from North to South and then back again. When, in this fearful period, nothing good seems possible to be said of the acts of certain men of note, the author says nothing, he merely lets their acts speak for themselves. And one of these figures was indeed a falling angel who, like Lucifer, was tempted by the lust and feel of power.

*"The Tragic Era," by Claude G. Bowers.

On the other hand, Mr. Bowers shows the good in some of the worst of the characters that parade through these pages. Those who read the work without bias may think he was more than generous with men like Stevens and Sumner; but the historian reserves his darker pictures for the venial and the hypocritical.

Not the least of the great passages in "The Tragic Era" are the pen portraits of the great figures as they come and go. In some cases the lesser ones are painted on the canvas of general history for perhaps the first time.

WHY FORT DONELSON WAS SURRENDERED

BY M. L. VESEY, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The August number of the *VETERAN* carries an article with the above caption, contributed by R. W. Hughes, in which he quotes a lengthy paper written by P. J. Otey, who claims to have been on General Floyd's staff. This extract is quite amusing to me. I was at Fort Donelson and only a noncommissioned officer, but I think I know more of this battle than said staff officer, who, from his narrative, spent most of his time *hunting up General Floyd*. This staff officer must have thought a battle was hell fire, for he says the underbrush caught on fire and came near burning up the Federal dead and wounded. Well, it must have been an awful hot fire, for the ground was covered with snow at this time.

I was at Fort Donelson. I belonged to Company I, 14th Mississippi Regiment, Capt. S. J. Gholson, Col. W. E. Baldwin, Brig. Gen. S. B. Buckner. We had been sent there from Bowling Green, Ky.

Fort Donelson was a mud fort on the bank of the Cumberland River. The river there makes a bend, and the Confederate army was placed in a semicircle inclosing the town of Dover and the fort on its western suburbs. The Federal army also extended from the river on the west to the river on the east of the town. The Confederates had light rifle pits all along their line except where a battery was to be stationed; and at such places there was a skip in breastworks of some twenty or thirty feet. This looks very much like some of General Pillow's planning, for, it is said, in Mexico, he had breastworks dug and the dirt banked in rear of ditch instead of in front. However this may be, I know that Porter's Battery, which the 14th Mississippi supported, lost very heavily from sharpshooters, who had plain view of them. John W. Morton was a lieutenant in this battery, and was one of the bravest and most efficient officers I ever saw in action. As many of his gunners were shot down, he took charge of one gun and fought it till

the battle was over. This was on Wednesday, when the Federals made a general attack all along our lines and were handsomely repulsed at all points.

On Thursday, the Federals made an attempt with six gunboats to pass our water batteries and reach the town of Dover. The fort was defended by one 10-pound smooth bore gun, two 65-pound rifle guns, and several smaller pieces. The 65-pound rifle pieces were the most effective, and the gunboats were handsomely repulsed. Two were so badly damaged that they had to be towed out of danger.

On Friday there was but little action, but it was rumored that the Federals had been largely re-enforced; our generals became much alarmed, and, after consultation, had concluded to cut our way out, and leave by way of the Furnace Road up the river in direction of Clarksville (the Cumberland River here runs almost due north); so, on Friday evening, each company received orders to be ready to move at daylight Saturday morning, with three day's cooked rations in our barracks and with our knapsacks on our backs.

At daylight Saturday morning we left our breastworks, leaving a few men in the trenches to walk about and fire occasionally and keep up a semblance of occupation. The rest of us marched to our extreme left and made a sudden attack on the Federals. We must have taken them by surprise, as many were captured and others retreated only partially dressed. We drove them through acres of tents, and they left the ground strewn with drums, horns, knapsacks, and guns. We captured several batteries of artillery, several hundred prisoners, commissary and quartermaster wagons and ambulances. We kept driving them back for hours, until there was not a Yankee within five or six miles of the Furnace Road, our original line of retreat. About noon our wounded and prisoners were sent to Clarksville by boat.

Late in the afternoon, the Federals made a stand on a high ridge running north and south defended by many batteries of artillery, and from which we were unable to dislodge them. Thereupon, to our utter astonishment, we were ordered to return and take our former position in line. When the 14th Mississippi Regiment, to which I belonged, reached near our former position, it was between sundown and dark, and we found our former breastworks filled with Yankee soldiers. After exchanging a few shots, we fell back out of range and stacked arms for a good rest.

Shortly after this, our generals held a consultation and decided to surrender the fort. However, General Floyd said he had been Secretary of War, and feared the consequences of being made a prisoner, and so he turned over the command to General

Pillow, saying that he, with his command, consisting of four Virginia regiments and the 20th Mississippi, would leave on the remaining boat. General Pillow said he had been an officer in the Federal army, and he, too, was afraid of the consequences if he was made a prisoner, and that he would leave with General Floyd on the boat, and he, therefore, turned over the command to General Buckner. Forrest was there, a colonel of a regiment of cavalry. He violently resisted the idea of surrender, insisting the way was still open for a retreat by the Furnace Road. He finally told them that they could surrender if they wanted to, but he was going to leave, and anyone who had a horse could go with him and his command if they cared to. He went out by the Furnace Road and was not molested.

When I saw what was taking place, I, too, commenced to look for a means to escape, and started for the boat landing. On the way I saw Harvey Murphy, a young lawyer, who belonged to the same company as myself, walking down the street toward the Furnace Road. I asked him where he was going. He said he was going out on the road where we whipped the Yankees from in the morning. I saw him about a year afterwards, and he told me he was not molested, and that the whole army could have gone out with little or no danger. Going on, I met up with Pompey Vassar, the adjutant of our regiment, who was also seeking a means to escape. As we reached the river bank, a short distance west of the boat landing, we saw a man building a raft on the water from lumber on the bank. He said if we would hand down the plank to finish the raft, we could cross the river with him. This we did until he said that it was ready and to get on. The raft began to sink, and the man said one of us would have to get off. I told Vassar I would get off, as I thought I could get away on the boat with the 20th Mississippi, part of Floyd's command. Vassar handed me his beautiful sword, telling me to take care of it if I got away, and if not, to throw it into the river. I watched them until they landed on the opposite side of the river, then I went down to the boat landing, where I found the 20th Mississippi, in a semicircle, guarding the embarkation of Floyd's command, consisting of four Virginia regiments and the 20th Mississippi. I went up to Captain Rhoren, one of the captains in the 20th Mississippi, whom I well knew, and asked permission to attach myself to his company. He said: "Why, certainly, I will be glad to have you." In a short while the four Virginia regiments were aboard the boat whereupon, General Floyd came on the lower deck and ordered the gangplank pulled in, whereupon Col. Tom Sykes, commanding the 20th Mississippi, drew his pistol and called to Floyd, saying: "General, I'll kill you if you

attempt to leave my regiment here after standing guard all night." To this General Floyd said: "Colonel, I am surprised at you. You see the boat is now heavily loaded. I am going across the river and put off part of the men, and then will come back and get you." To this Colonel Sykes said all right. The gangplank was pulled in and the boat went across the river until it got near the opposite side, when it turned and left up the river toward Clarksville, leaving the 20th Mississippi at the landing. Colonel Sykes was the maddest man I ever saw, and threatened to kill General Floyd if he ever saw him again. It was now about daylight. I threw Pompey Vassar's sword in the river, then went back to my command and was surrendered.

The officers were sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, and the noncommissioned officers and privates to Camp Douglas, Chicago. Our sergeant major, E. O. Sykes, who was sent off with officers, escaped before reaching prison, and went to Canada. After staying there a few months, he procured money and left Canada and, by way of Louisville, Ky., finally reached his home at Aberdeen, Miss. We who were at Fort Donelson were exchanged in November, 1862, and passed down the river to Vicksburg, Miss., where the exchange was made. Our term of enlistment having expired, we reënlisted for three years "or the war." Our captain, S. J. Gholson, was badly wounded at Fort Donelson, and served afterwards only in State troops. My company elected Eugene O. Sykes as captain, who served as such to the end of the war, and there was not a braver or more efficient officer in the army. He later became a lawyer and was elected judge of his circuit. He died some years ago respected and loved by all who knew him.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe go, mark him well!
For him minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf
The wretch concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

JOSEPH JOHN ALLEN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

After a long and useful life, spent in his native State of North Carolina, Joseph John Allen died in the hospital at Rocky Mount, N. C., on August 20, having suffered for some years a general decline in health. The home town of Louisburg and all of Franklin County felt the loss of this useful citizen, who had been prominent in the life and affairs of both. He was eighty-two years of age, and many of those years had been spent in the constructive work of helping the children of his State to get an education. By profession he was a teacher, and many of North Carolina's leading men benefited by their training under his tutelage through his special ability to impart knowledge to his pupils. He possessed an exceptionally brilliant mind and a wonderful memory. He had won the unique distinction of being the champion speller of the country, and his proficiency in Greek and Latin was unexcelled. He could spell any word, give its meaning and derivation, and could read Latin that puzzled the higher professors, a native ability which had been augmented by that industry which was characteristic.

Another distinction of which Comrade Allen was especially proud was that he had finished his education at Washington College, Lexington, Va., while General Lee was its President. It is said that General

Lee knew every boy attending Washington College and that he kept up with each boy's standing in his classes, and the parents of some of those boys were made glad indeed by his gracious commendation of their industry in study. Joseph John Allen was one of those boys so commended, and the copy of General Lee's letter to his father is given here as the finest distinction which could have come to any boy in the school. That letter reads:

"WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
LEXINGTON, VA., 28 June, 1870.

Joseph F. Allen, Esq., Louisburg, N. C.

"*Dear Sir:* I have the pleasure of communicating to you the action of the faculty of Washington College, commending your son, Joseph J. Allen, for his *distinguished* industry and success in his studies during the late session.

"With best wishes for his future welfare, I am

"Very respectfully,

R. E. LEE."

This letter was one of the most treasured possessions of the veteran student, and was framed and carefully preserved with an autographed photograph of General Lee. And with all he treasured the memory of the dinner in General Lee's home at the time of his graduation, when he was given the autographed pictures of his host.

In later years he visited the old school and was always treated royally by faculty and students.

Joseph John Allen was proud, too, of having been a Confederate soldier, having given a year of his boy-life to the Confederate cause. He was seventeen years old when he enlisted in Company K, 71st North Carolina troops, and he served one year, surrendering under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865. He served his State and beloved South well in those trying days, and he lived through the reconstruction with unhampered enthusiasm for the righteousness of the Southern cause. It was his great pleasure to call from memory the original roll of the company with which he left home for the front, and until this last year he had been one of the most regular attendants on the annual reunions of Confederate veterans. He could play the violin very well, and his playing of the old-time favorite airs added to the enjoyment of those occasions. He was the last surviving member of a large family, a half brother of the late Maj. Orren Randolph Smith, known as the designer of the Stars and Bars, and over his casket that sacred emblem was spread in the last sad tribute in Louisburg, where he was laid to rest in Oaklawn Cemetery with



JOSEPH JOHN ALLEN.

Masonic honors, after the funeral services in the Baptist Church, conducted by his boyhood friend, Bishop Joseph B. Cheshire, of the Episcopal Church.

Comrade Allen was twice married, first to Miss Annie Wilcox, of Warren County. His second wife was Miss Helen Alston, of Halifax County, who survives him with the two sons of the first marriage, and four grandchildren.

In addition to his teaching, Comrade Allen was a planter, and hospitality was the keynote of the plantation home near Louisburg, where his last years had been spent. His home life was ideal, tender, kind, loving, and devoted; and there one could realize the value of a happy home. As a neighbor, he was always loved and respected. As a citizen, he was honest, fearless, straightforward, taking an active part in the progress of his county and State. The strength of our country is in such solid citizenry as this.

BURIAL SERVICE FOR CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

From an old number of the *VETERAN*, the following was copied by T. S. Clay, M.D., who acts as clerk for Camp No. 756, U. C. V., of Savannah, Ga., and who is anxious to learn when this burial ritual was first used by the Confederate veterans, and also the name of the author of the service. The quotation follows:

"The burial service used by the veterans of Tennessee was adopted as the standard service for the association (U. C. V.), and Camps will receive the text of the new ritual through the published minutes of the convention."

Dr. Clay continues: "This is a beautiful service, and has been used by the Camp with which I have had the honor to be connected as Chaplain, though only the son of a Confederate veteran, for many years. The order of service in our Camp is as follows: 'At the close of the usual burial service, after the benediction and placing of flowers, etc., a large laurel wreath, with Confederate flag on it, the gift of the Daughters, is placed upon the foot of the grave. Our Camp Confederate flag is then laid over the grave, the ritual read, and taps is then sounded.'"

RITUAL FOR CONFEDERATE BURIAL SERVICE.

Comrades: We are here to-day to pay the last tribute of friendship in the presence of our honored dead. We are to commit to the grave the body of a comrade whose life—aside from its other ties of friendship and sociability—was drawn very close to our lives by a bond of love which was formed amidst

common perils and hardships and welded in the fires of battle.

Not in the pomp and circumstance of war, not with musket shot and roll of drum do we bury our comrade. The roar of the cannon and the din of conflict are hushed, and in this time of solemn peace we lay the citizen soldier in his last resting place—an honorable grave.

He was a veteran Confederate soldier, true and tried. Freely and cheerfully he risked his life in the defense of his home and his people; bravely and grandly he bore himself amidst all the dangers and privations of an unequal contest. He answered to the last roll call that summoned him to duty as a soldier; and when he yielded to the arbitrament of war, it was not as a conquered slave, but as a hero, one of the gallant spirits who have immortalized the Southern arms. He fought a good fight and has left a record of which we, his surviving comrades, are proud, and which is a heritage of glory to his family and their descendants for all time to come.

With equal courage and fortitude and patience, our comrade accepted the fortunes of peace, made arduous by losses and reproaches, and, as a citizen of a reunited country, true to his manhood, he evinced a loyalty which, making no apology for the past, was true in every quality of patriotism and which none can question without aspersion.

Rest, soldier, rest! Impartial history will vindicate thy motives and write thy deeds illustrious.

Comrade and friend, we give thy body to the dust, thy spirit to God.

The resolution for the adoption of this burial service generally throughout the organization was introduced at the reunion in Chattanooga, Tenn., 1921, and was signed by "A. B. Booth, Henry St. Paul Camp, No. 16, U. C. V.," and "Col. R. A. Sneed, Oklahoma."

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to tower;
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stands forth in sunny outline brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with thee?"

"HERE'S YOUR MULE."

(The following was contributed many years ago by Capt. W. W. Carnes, now of Bradenton, Fla., and is republished for the benefit of later readers of the VETERAN.)

Every soldier remembers the many popular calls, phrases, or sayings that were in vogue during the War between the States, and among them all, none was more widespread and generally used among the Confederates than "Here's Your Mule!" or "Mister, Here's Your Mule." There have been a number of attempts to explain its origin, no one account like the other, and none correct. This paper is written to give a correct account of how "Here's Your Mule!" started, and the correctness of what is here written will be attested by the few still left of those West Tennessee soldiers who were in the Camp of Instruction at Jackson, Tenn.

While the many companies were in said camp before and after the organization into regiments, all sorts of salable commodities were brought into camp in all sorts of conveyances. One of those camp hucksters, who was especially active in peddling pies and other edibles, brought them in a small and ancient looking wagon, drawn by a small, black, shaggy mule. This old fellow was quite an oddity in a way, and became quite well known in camp. The boys tried their usual pranks of speech on him and many of them came off "second best" in the encounter of rough wit. So one day a few of those who had failed to get ahead of the old countryman in the contest with tongues, determined to play a practical joke on him. Most of the soldiers were sheltered then by the old fashioned "A" tents which go in a straight line from the ridge pole down to the pegs that held the cover edge fast to the ground. During the temporary absence of the old huckster, these fellows slipped out the main parts of the harness from this mule, and, taking the animal to another part of the camp, placed him under one of the little "A" tents and fastened the flags down tight to the pegs, then loafed around the wagon until the owner appeared. He naturally was surprised to find that his mule was gone and at once began actively to look for him, the boys who had carried the mule away, amusing themselves at the owner's expense with various suggestions as to the cause of the animal's disappearance. The owner of the mule was too seriously concerned over his loss to give back in his usual style, and the mischievous jokers had a lot of fun at his expense. Soon those men (who had jointly hidden the mule in a place known to but few) spread the news around the camp that old "Pies" had lost his mule. Then one of them went

to a distant point in the encampment and shouted at the top of his voice, "Mister, here's your mule!" At once the owner of the mule struck a lively gait in the direction of the voice, but found no mule and no one that could give information of him. Then he said to the men standing around: "Gentlemen, have any of you seen anything of a little black, shaggy mule around here?" In a few minutes the cry, "Mister, here's your mule!" came from another part of the camp, causing the man to go there on a run with the same result, followed by the same inquiry on his part. So he was kept going for a long time from one part of the camp to another by the same call, without finding the mule. As might be expected, quite a crowd followed him about, and as others, who knew nothing of the hiding of the mule, took up the call "Here's your mule!" from different points, the huckster knew he was being played with by the boys. His last summons had brought him to the vicinity of the tent where the mule had been hidden, and from there he did not go in response to other calls of "Here's your mule!" from distant points. All the while a large crowd stood around and gave him "the laugh." Finally, after standing this a while he raised his hands above his head in a beseeching gesture, which brought silence, and in a loud wail of distress, he said: "Gentlemen, for the love of God, has anybody seen anything of that 'ar mule?" Probably the mule recognized his owner's voice, and he lifted up his own voice in a loud bray. Then there arose such a general yell of "Here's your mule!" and led by the fellows who new in which tent to find him, the crowd overthrew the tent and brought forth the "little black, shaggy mule" to his distressed owner. It was a long time before the frolic ended and the countryman got away from the teasing boys, but he had sold all his load and found his lost mule, and he took the joking good naturedly.

From that afternoon, the cry, "Here's Your Mule!" gave rise to merriment in that camp, and as the different commands left the Camp of Instruction, they took with them the cry, "Here's Your Mule!" which spread rapidly through the army until it was in general use by soldiers who had no idea of how it originated, but understood that there was a joke behind it or connected with it some way. It was carried rapidly through all parts of the armies of the West and found its way to the Virginia army. Very few who used it, or heard it, knew how or where it originated, and the writer gives for publication this true history of "Here's Your Mule!" for the first time, as far as he knows. Parodies were gotten up on "Here's Your Mule" and sung around the camp fire. The following on "Maryland" was sung by the Ridley and Beard Combination at the Nashville

reunion, Tennessee Division, U. C. V., October 8-9, 1902, showing the popularity of the phrase, "Here's Your Mule!"

(AIR, "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.")

The Yankee tread is on our streets,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
I hear the tramp of the vandal's feet,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
Hark! I hear a rooster squall
The vandal takes it, hen and all,
And makes the boys and women bawl,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

There's nothing that escapes their eyes,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
They all are death on cakes and pies,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
Hush! I see a lighted sky,
Our people's houses burning high,
John Morgan's coming by and by,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

Hark! Morgan's boys are on a raid,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
To meet the foe they're not afraid,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
And when blue coats see them come,
They stop and fire and break and run,
And then begins John Morgan's fun,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

And Pemberton is in the West
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
To hold Vicksburg he'll do his best,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
When General Grant strikes in his flank,
Our faithful Joe will play a prank,
And gobble up the devilish Yank,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

When Stonewall Jackson's in the field
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
His are the boys that never yield,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
And when you hear the old man pray,
You may be sure that on next day
The very devil will be to pay,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

ONE OF THE SOUTH'S DEFENDERS.

A long and interesting life has been that of Col. Orville A. Gibson, member of the staff of the Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., who is spending the evening of his life at Springfield plantation, near Fayette, Miss., the ante-bellum home where Andrew Jackson married Rachel Robards more than a century ago. The picture here shows Colonel Gibson in the uniform of a young Confederate soldier, for he was but seventeen years old when it was taken at Port Gibson, Miss. He was born at Warsaw, Ala., May 1, 1845, and served as a private in Company E, Wirt Adams' Regiment of Confederate Cavalry, also called the 1st Regiment of Mississippi Cavalry. Young Gibson also served with the Oktibbeha Rescues, Company C, of the 14th Mississippi Infantry, under Gen. Stephen D. Lee, and he was mustered out at Gainesville, Ala., May 26, 1865.

For forty years following the war, Orville Gibson constructed railroads and levees in all sections of the South, winning everywhere the respect and friendship of those who knew him, and he was honored by having towns named "Gibson" and "Orville" in different States. He was married on December 2, 1869, to Miss Josephine Marion Randolph, and to them were born five children. Some years after the death of his wife, he was married to Mrs. Susie Williams, of West Point, Miss., who is still with him. His living descendants are a son, two daughters, two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. His youngest child, Augustus W. Gibson, served with the Washington Artillery of New Orleans on the Mexican border in 1916-17, entered into the World War service as a member of the 141st Artillery, and was accidentally killed while preparing to go overseas.

The ancestors of Colonel Gibson served with honor in all the wars since this country was founded. His father, William Wellington Gibson, who, though over age, served the Confederacy in gathering supplies for the army and working in hospitals, had ancestors in the French and Indian wars, and four ancestors were "Minute Men" in the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. The mother of Colonel Gibson was Mary Catherine Rogers, whose people marched from Virginia into Tennessee after the Revolution. Her father, Robert Henderson Rogers, was in military service as a mere youth and later was sheriff of Sevier County, Tenn., a military honor in that day. His father was the Rev. Elijah Rogers, who was in expeditions against the Cherokees and Creek Indians, and in his ministerial life the record is that he baptized the first member of the first Baptist

THE KU-KLUX KLAN.—The policy of the Klan all the while was to deter men from wrongdoing. It was only in rare, exceptional cases, and these the most aggravated, that it undertook to punish.

—J. C. Lester and D. L. Wilson.

Church of Knoxville, Tenn., in the presence of three thousand people assembled on the banks of the Tennessee River. He was highly educated and combined teaching with preaching. He married Catherine Clack, whose father, Hon. Spencer Clack, was an officer of the Revolution from Henry County, Va.,

tion every day. He has a host of loyal friends, and the Daughters of the Confederacy of Natchez and Fayette show him many lovely attentions

A TROPHY OF WAR.

Every now and then report comes of the return of something taken from the South during the days of war. One of the latest things of the kind is told by the *National Tribune*, of Washington, D. C., in the following:

"A Grandfather's clock, which was taken as a trophy of war from the plantation of a former member of congress during the Civil War, has been located only about one hundred miles from his birthplace in Massachusetts, and is to be restored to his granddaughters

"The record of Thomas Butler King stands out in history, his public service having spanned the continent and covered more than twoscore years. He was born in Palmer, Mass., in 1800 and attended Westfield Academy. He began the practice of law in Philadelphia when he was twenty-two years old. He settled on Retreat Plantation, St. Simon's Island, Ga., in 1826. After four terms in the State senate, he went to congress, where he served ten terms. In 1850, he was appointed collector of the port of San Francisco by President Fillmore, served two years, and later went again to the Georgia State senate. He was sent to Europe by Georgia as a special trade envoy in 1861, and for three years served in Europe as commissioner of the Confederacy.

"Recently, at an auction in East Mansfield, Mass., an eight-day clock was bought by the former police chief of Attleboro, and in cleaning up the clock, the purchaser found this record written on the inside: 'Taken from the plantation home of Hon. Thomas B. King, St. Simon's Island, St. Simon's Sound, Ga., U. S. S. Ethan Allen, on blockade, January 10, 1863.'

"Investigation disclosed that the island home of the late Representative King was vacated during the war days when he was in Europe as agent of the Confederacy and his sons were in the Confederate army. The blockading fleet sent a landing party to investigate the vacant home and a large cotton warehouse on the shore of the island plantation, and it was then that the clock was 'lifted' as contraband of war.

"Three granddaughters of the former representative are now living on the old plantation, and the old clock is going to be sent back home to Georgia from Massachusetts after having been one of the spoils of war for more than sixty-five years."



ORVILLE GIBSON AS A YOUNG CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

helped to draft the constitution of the State of Tennessee, and was a member of the first legislature, serving continuously from 1796 until his death in 1832. The Spencer Clack Chapter, D. A. R., of Sevierville, Tenn., will unveil a monument in his honor in October, 1929.

In this connection it is well to mention three brave Confederate kinsmen of Colonel Gibson, who have lately passed into eternal rest, all past eighty-five years old. Col. Spencer D. Clack, who died in Dallas, Tex., served in the 3rd Tennessee Regiment throughout the war except for the seven months spent in Camp Douglas prison. Capt. M. M. Clack, who died in Abilene, Tex., was a member of the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, Company A, serving continuously until dangerously wounded and crippled for life in the battle of Staunton, Va. Another kinsman was Thomas Calvert, who was ninety-eight years old in January, 1929, and joined his comrades in the great beyond in March. He was first lieutenant in Blythe's Mississippi Battalion, was wounded near Atlanta, and taken prisoner and held on Murphy's Island until exchanged.

Col Orville Gibson at eighty-four is still active and vigorous, riding horseback over the large planta-

LITERARY WOMEN OF THE SIXTIES IN NORTH CAROLINA.*

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON.

"Sound judgment is the ground of writing well."

In recounting the activities of the women of the sixties, we must give a high place on history's page to the literary women of that period. Their facile and gifted pens often gave inspiration and comfort to the soldiers at the front, and their prose and poetry tell the story of the South to the generation of to-day.

This can be only a glimpse of North Carolina's literary women of that period, only a few of these writers who have contributed much to this State's literature are here mentioned.

First, we shall mention Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, who was called by the "War Governor," Zebulon B. Vance, "the greatest woman North Carolina has ever produced." It has also been said of Mrs. Spencer that she was like some jewel, "full of fire."

The work of this brilliant and gifted woman stands out differently from that of any other of North Carolina's women of the sixties. Her "Last Ninety Days of the War," written in 1866 (at the request of Governor Vance), is invaluable as a vivid and true picture of those last terrible days and the beginning of the reconstruction period in this State. This history, a classic, depicts North Carolina's part in the struggle and is one of the greatest things accomplished by any of our women of that day, being written by one who saw and endured an active part in this great drama. Her "Children's History of North Carolina" is also a true story of the State.

Mrs. Hope Summerell Chamberlain, in her recent book, "Old Days in Chapel Hill," has made a valuable contribution to the literary history of this period of our State by compiling the journals and letters of Mrs. Spencer. She has recalled to the present generation the splendid services of this woman of the sixties, "who was the equal in intellect and worth of any other woman in America." Mrs. Chamberlain says that the idea in writing this book was to show Northern readers that Sherman's campaign methods and those of others were unnecessarily severe and harsh and to give as much well authenticated personal experience as possible from all over the State. Mrs. Spencer has left to the State many letters and newspaper articles which are of great literary and historical value.

Her services to her State during these dark days

were direct and personal, having been friend and counselor of Governor Vance and others of the State's leaders, who sought her advice frequently. Being a resident of Chapel Hill, many of the brilliant men who attended the University during and following the war were influenced by her remarkable personality, and through them she contributed greatly toward shaping the destinies of North Carolina. Her great work was denouncing the outrages of reconstruction and calling aloud, with her pen, to the people to be steadfast, brave, and true. To her was due largely the overthrow of the carpetbagger and his exodus from the State.

She wrote and spoke and prayed unceasingly for the overthrow of the foul gang that were polluting her beloved University Hall in these reconstruction days. The University, which had remained open through all the horrors of the war, was closed to students and the dormitories were turned into stables for horses of cut-throat Federal soldiers sent to overcome the Southern people in their resistance to carpetbag government. Cornelia Spencer thundered through the press of the State defiance to oppressive authority, and to the sons of the University everywhere she uttered rallying cries for the revival of this seat of learning.

Her labors and prayers were answered, and she saw the university restored to its own, a day of triumph for her to whom was most due (except to Dr. Kemp Battle) its reopening.

Throughout the four dreary years of the war, she encouraged and cheered the students who remained at Chapel Hill, being their comrade and counselor, besides working for the soldiers who were away fighting and caring for many needy families.

The downfall of her State brought forward Mrs. Spencer's remarkable ability, and her knowledge of men and events in North Carolina in its critical period of war and reconstruction was greater than that of any man or woman of that day. Her name should be placed high in the history of North Carolina's women of the sixties.

In her book, "The Last Ninety Days of the War," Mrs. Spencer pays this tribute to her fellow women of the Confederacy:

"When I forget you, O ye daughters of my country, your labors of love, your charity, faith, and patience all through the dark and bloody day; lighting up the gloom of war with tender graces of women's devotion and self-denial, and now, in your energy and cheerful submission in toil and poverty and humiliation—when I cease to do homage to your virtues and your excellencies may 'my right hand forget its cunning, and my voice be in silent dust.'"

*From her book, "North Carolina Women of the Confederacy."

Mrs. Frances Fisher Tiernan, of Salisbury, known to the literary world as "Christian Reid," has given a name to add to the State's women of the sixties of which we are justly proud. Her father was Col. Charles F. Fisher, who, as commander of the 6th North Carolina Regiment, gave his life at the first battle of Manassas. Out of her sorrow in his death (though in her teens), grew her love for the Confederacy, and the history of the South was a passion with her. She was the first historian of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and, until her death, Honorary President. She gave of her unquenchable spirit to keep history straight in the Southern cause and placed the gifts of her mind, heart, and pen at the service of the South, writing that beautiful and stirring war drama, "Under the Southern Cross." This was later played before scores of Southern audiences, resulting in the creation of many enduring monuments in bronze and stone to the memory of that perfect army of our Confederacy.

As a novelist, we halo her name in especial admiration for the true and perfect pictures she drew of our Confederacy, and we Daughters of to-day owe a deep debt to her for her contribution to the Southern cause. The soldiers of her father's regiment adored her, and at the sight of her and the mention of her name, they would almost stampede the house.

In 1874, with one stroke of her pen, "Christian Reid" gave North Carolina the name by which it was to become famous around the world—The Land of the Sky—by a most delightful book describing most vividly the grandeur of our mountains. The greatest literary honor ever paid "Christian Reid" was the presentation to her of a gold medal by a distinguished French Literary Society after her story, "The Lady Dela Crucis" had been translated into French. She was also made a member of the exclusive society, "The Order of the Golden Rose of France." It has been said of her that "she was like unto a harp of a thousand strings vibrating with harmony, music falling from every string, the cadence lingering to charm the ear, dying never, but living on and on down the ages."

There is nothing more powerfully dramatic and compelling than her wonderful, patriotic poem, "Gloria Victis," a hymn of triumphant victory in honor of the Confederate soldiers' bravery. Her poem, "Regret," a refrain of the heart, is considered by many as one of the finest poems by any North Carolinian. Her "Valerie Aylmer," written in the sixties, refrain of the heart, is also considered one of the finest poems by her while she was still a young woman, and stands to-day a work of art in the literary world.

When the World War came, no one was more devoted to the allied cause than she. Though ill and scarcely able to leave her room, she made some of the most inspiring speeches given in Salisbury, being a gifted public speaker.

Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke, a daughter of Thomas Polk Devereux, of Raleigh, was a literary genius of the sixties of whom North Carolina is very proud. This typical Confederate woman, whom both Raleigh and New Bern claimed, used her pen most effectively, her work as a poet being especially valuable. The wife of a Confederate soldier, Col. William J. Clarke, her heart was with the South and the Old North always, and in verse she poured forth the sufferings and glory of the Confederacy. It has been said that one of her poems, "Must I Forget," is not excelled by Byron, and that she was akin to Wordsworth in style. Her poem, "General Lee at the Battle of the Wilderness," has a note of the sublime, while the "Rebel Sock" contains a humorous touch. Her "Social Reminiscences of Noted North Carolinians" is a collection of interest, and her "Carolina Carols" contain fine contributions of her own as well as of others (written in 1854). Mrs. Clarke also contributed to the "Land We Love," one of the most interesting of her writings being her character sketch from the life of "Aunt Abby, the Irrepressible."

Mrs. Clarke's pen name in poetry was "Teneli, and in prose, "Stuart Leigh."

During the reconstruction period she supported many who were in need, by her writings.

Miss Sarah Ann Tillinghast, of Fayetteville, in 1865, gave to the South a beautiful poem "Answer to the Conquered Banner," a fit mate to Father Ryan's famous poem, telling us to "Love it, Weep It, For Its Past."

Her poem, "Carolina's Dead," was written as a Memorial Day ode to our fallen heroes, and is a beautiful tribute to the men in gray.

Miss Tillinghast wrote many interesting sketches of war days in her community, and was noted for her witty answers to the Yankees when they were occupying Fayetteville.

Mrs. Fannie Downing has left some beautiful verses which were published in the "Land We Love," a magazine edited by Gen. D. H. Hill, just after the war. Her "Memorial Flowers" is a lengthy and charming poem that breathes the love every Southern woman feels for Memorial Day. Her "Reconstruction" is also a poem of real literary merit as well as numbers of others that have been loved and admired. Mrs. Downing, born in Portsmouth, Va., came to this State as a young woman, to make her home in Mecklenburg County. Her father was John W. Murdaugh, a noted lawyer of Virginia, and she married

Charles W. Downing, then Secretary of State for Florida. She also wrote several interesting novels.

Mrs. A. L. Pendelton, of Warrenton, has contributed greatly to the literary and historical work of this State since a girl in the sixties. This lady of eighty-nine is a living page from the Old South, and her literary style is beautiful and fine. Besides many poems of real merit, her booklet entitled, "Last Words of Confederate Heroes," is filled with tributes to those men who fought with Lee.

As a young woman in the Confederacy, Mrs. Pendelton endured hardships and self-sacrifices, and her recollections of the sixties are told in a most interesting way. In describing a journey from Greenville to Warrenton, during the war, Mrs. Pendelton says she and her sister had to sit on boxes in a freight car surrounded by sides of bacon. Her brother remarked, as he lifted her in the car, "You have been contemplating a trip to Europe, and you ought to be happy now, for you are in the middle of Greece."

Mrs. Pendelton gives these lines as a preface to her "Last Words of Confederate Heroes:"

"The men who went to the tented field,
And the women who bade them never to yield
To the invading foe, are passing away—
Ah! few of our heroes are living to-day;
Few women who waited, and wept and wrought
Are left now to tell how bravely they fought.
We exulted o'er victories, wept at defeat,
And, "lest we forget," I here will repeat
The last words of heroes on whom we relied,
For nobly they lived and nobly they died."

A BOY OF THE OLD DOMINION DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.*

BY REV. MILTON BENNETT LAMBDIN.

(Continued from September number.)

There was a scare one day, as one of the town rowdies, in a spirit of drunken bravado, whipped out his pistol and threatened to fire in the direction of the menacing "ironclad." But he was instantly suppressed, and the possible danger became "a closed incident." But it left a creepy feeling behind as though a veritable calamity had been narrowly averted.

In addition to the uniformed companies already sworn into the Confederate service, there was also a nondescript company of Home Guards, as they were called, in their ordinary, everyday attire, as they came from shop and office, and armed with old flint-lock muskets and powder horns, that looked, and possibly they were, the left overs of the War of the Revolution. The Boy's dad belonged to this con-

tingent of heroic protectors of their firesides and household penates.

How soldierlike, fierce, and resolute the redoubtable "Home Guards" looked, as their captain gave the stern command, "Attention! Load! Fire!" At the click of their rusty and archaic shooting irons in imagination one could see a whole line of the enemy fall dead to the earth, as the yellow grain before the long arm reach and sweep of the mower.

Truth demands that it be said that were not The Boy's paterfamilias loaded down with a job lot, bargain counter, assortment, and outfit of all sizes and ages, of "olive brances" of offspring, some seven or eight in number, that he also would have been in the ranks of one of the town companies that had active and actual experience during the war. Have you a curiosity to know what became of that old flint lock that The Boy's dad carried? Well, when the city was captured by "the craven foe," and the membership of the Home Guards melted away into placid and peaceful noncombatants, the dangerous firearm was rammed up into a hiding place in the parlor chimney where the boys of the family had it spotted, and in short order raked it down from its roost among the soot and ashes, sawed off a section of the barrel, and metamorphosed it into a shotgun for juvenile hunting purposes. That old "flint," with its ferocious kick every time it was fired, did far more damage to the shoulder blades of the hapless victim that pulled its trigger than it was ever capable of doing to any possible enemy.

Thus passed away the preliminary days that were rapidly ushering in the war, and with every one on the *qui vive* every moment of the time, as was anxiously awaited the near-at-hand event in the invasion of their beloved Southland. Tense days, with a terrific strain upon mind, and heart, and nerves, except, of course, for the younger element of the place, who enjoyed the excitement to the top notch. No one knew what a day would bring forth, and with all kinds of rumors floating in the air and radioed by the town's *quid nuncs*, each to the other, with frequent editions and additions.

The "expected" made its debut. A beautiful morning in May, so early that The Boy's family was wrapped in the deepest slumber, when they were aroused by a violent bang! bang! bang! on the front door, repeated over and over again, as a loud and excited voice called, "John, John! Get up! The Yankees are coming!" It was but a moment for the entire family to tumble out of bed, rush to the open windows and stick out their heads. The first object seen below was the dad's neighborhood chum, all afire with excitement and gesticulating like a wound

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up and vocal automaton, with head and arms and hands all in frantic operation at the same time, as they severally and unitedly pointed toward the north.

Looking in the direction indicated by the pantomimic performer on the sidewalk, sure enough there they were at last! A long-drawn-out line of marching "blue coats," shod with thick, heavy-soled service shoes, or brogans, speedily dubbed "gunboats," possibly from their fancied suggestive shape. They passed by immediately in front of The Boy's home, as he was hurriedly engaged in the completion of his indifferent sartorial adornment.

An interminable stretch of regiment after regiment of young soldiers, who smiled and grimaced as though they were out on the biggest frolic of their lives, something to talk about and jest about when their short junket enlistment was over with, and they were safely back at home again, none the worse for the adventure. On and on they came. Would it never end? Looking through the pearl like mist of the sunrise atmosphere, as far as the eye could reach up "the City Road," as the seven-mile pike connecting Washington and Alexandria then was called, the wide expanse of the highway was a sheen of glittering light caused by the reflection of the sun rays from the myriad bayonet tips.

A similar spectacle is described by Xenophon in "The Anabasis," in his vivid write up of "The Retreat of the Ten Thousand," as the rays of the early Oriental sun were flashed from the Persian spear points at a far distance. Human events and incidents have a way of repeating themselves even after the lapse of thousands of years.

The Federal troops came in from two directions. The first, just mentioned, from the north, over "The Long Bridge," a wooden structure, about a mile in length, linking Washington with the Virginia shore. At the same time another contingent came in by boat from the Potomac River on the east of the city.

These latter were the "Ellsworth Zouaves," made up, in the main if not in its entirety, of the "Fire Laddies" of New York City, garbed in their picturesque Turkish uniforms, and commanded by Colonel Ellsworth. The populace speedily gave them the name of "Yellow Legs," from the color of their leggings. They came directly up King Street from the wharf, marching over the cobblestone roadway, with which the streets of the town were paved; and which, tradition said, were laid by the Hessian prisoners captured by Washington at Trenton. Some three or four blocks up from the river front, where the Zouaves had landed, at the southeast angle of King and Pitt Streets, there stood the Marshall House Hotel, run by its proprietor by the name of Jackson. Flying from a high chimney, and conspicuously in full

view of all passers-by was a Confederate flag. Jackson was a man of determined character, and he had made a full rounded vow that the one who hauled down the flag would do it at the penalty of his life. Marching up the street of this captured "rebel city" at the head of his regiment, and seeing the "emblem of treason" against the Union flaunting itself in their very faces, what could be more dramatic, patriotic, and heroic than upon the instant for the colonel to rush into the building, rapidly mount the stairs to its roof and tear it down? Just as he was descending the upper flight of the stairway in his successful exploit, and carrying the trophy in his hands, when he had reached the lower landing facing Jackson's room, the door opened, Jackson emerged with a gun in his hands, and, without a moment's hesitation, shot Ellsworth dead. In the next instant a soldier, who had accompanied his commander into the hotel, killed Jackson. And then! An infuriated soldiery and a terror-swept town.

For aught the populace knew, the whole city would be turned over to the vengeance of the Union troops in an indiscriminate massacre, outrage, and looting, with an aftermath in the bombardment of the place by the gunboat yet lying in the harbor. Large numbers of the affrighted population, who could do so, were fleeing the town. Any description of a vehicle that could convey their household effects out into the country commanded fabulous prices.

Eventually, however, the excitement quieted down. Those who had fled returned, and the normal life of the city resumed its tone, except that the town was in the hands of an enemy, and no one knew what might yet take place in a new, harrowing experience.

Narrowly grazing these stirring occurrences, the comparatively small body of local soldiery, tremendously outnumbered as they were by the sudden advent of the enemy, to avoid certain capture, or a useless sacrifice of life in a vain resistance, entrained in a record-breaking haste, and headed for Manassas, some twenty-odd miles or so toward the west, where they helped form the main body of Southern troops.

Not standing upon the order of their going, but getting out of town just as speedily as they could, they were forced to leave behind, lined up at a siding of the station, a number of box cars that were packed from floor to roof with every thinkable thing that might, could, or would minister to the inner want or outer comfort of these "boys in gray," made for them by the loving hands of home folks, relatives, friends, or sweethearts. "To the victor belongs the spoils" was a working axiom then as now, whether it be in politics, business, love, or war; and, speedily, it was "open sesame" to these box car treasure troves as an inviting order of the day.

A certain Boy was a "looker-on in Venice" that morning, as these activities were in progress, and who had meandered his way out to that point, just like a boy, to see what was to be seen. He saw the scene. It had an appeal for The Boy. Can you doubt it? A gorgeous "free lunch" staged on a lavish scale was one of the enticing features of it. He saw his chance, too, to join in the merry throng and line up as a guest at the pie counter. He saw his chance—possibly it might be better phrased, he thought he saw his chance. On the jump, sans further hesitation, he sailed in with the mob of looters to share in the eats. But he forgot something. For hasn't some erudite philosopher or "other high brow word conjurer in the merry art of coining epigrams on the vanity of human hopes, told us in sad and mournful numbers that 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip?'"

Surely true, and The Boy had it vigorously impressed upon his mind—and his body, too—that never-to-be-forgotten morning, with as tenacious a memory grip to this day as was the strangle hold with which "the old man of the sea" glued himself to the shoulders of Sinbad the Sailor. For the next number in the diversified program of his experiences was when one of the uniformed looters, who evidently had never been a boy, took him by the collar, conducted him to the edge of the high platform, applied the broad toe of his "gunboat" with skillful accuracy to the objective rear of his anatomy, and gave The Boy his "first boost in life," with an abrupt landing on the hard roadbed below that jarred him from stem to stern. He was none the worse, however, for this involuntary ordeal as a "casualist of war." Whether this right royal and heroic act was immediately wired to the Northern papers to appear in extra edition, scarehead type, and succeeded by a Congressional award of merit "for distinguished services," history fails to make mention.

In consequence of his well-known Southern sympathies, with a positive refusal to take a prescribed oath of allegiance to the government of Abraham Lincoln, The Boy's father was virtually put under a business ban. As an architect and builder he had under construction at the breaking out of the war several annex buildings to the Episcopal Theological Seminary, some three or four miles outside of the city. This extensive work was brought to a sudden stop, and the Seminary buildings were seized by the Federal authorities for hospital purposes. While the Episcopal Church has recovered money damages from the government for the use of their property, The Boy's father received not one cent of compensation for the loss of thousands of dollars that was entailed upon him.

A number of the churches of Alexandria, whose membership were rated as "Southern sympathizers," were also taken over for use as hospitals—the Second Presbyterian Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and the Baptist Church.

One of the early things done after the capture of the city was the construction of Fort Ellsworth, surmounting Shooter's Hill, at the west end of the town, with its guns commanding the city. Events were beginning now to hasten on apace for a show down on the field of Mars between the two respective forces of the North and the South. No one knew what a day would bring forth. The day came. It stands out vividly in the boy's retrospective memory. A Sunday in July. Every one was out of doors, walking the streets or sitting on the porches and "stoops"—front steps—of their houses, solemnly listening to the muffled "boom, boom, boom" of a distant cannonading. On every lip was the remark, "a battle is going on." But where, no one knew. And so it was, the first land battle of the War between the States, the battle of Bull Run, just a short distance outside of Manassas, some twenty-two miles west of Alexandria. All that memorable day and all that eventful night through, the city was held in dread suspense as to the issue of this trial at arms.

But the town was not long put to a continuous strain, for, with the next day's morning light, a drizzling rain falling, the city was filed with some of the bedraggled and demoralized remnants of the routed Union army. Other fragments had made their way to Washington City. The old Colonial Market House was crowded with them, lolling around and sitting about in a woebegone, dejected, and exhausted condition after their Marathon run from the field of defeat, while large numbers were wandering about the streets in a bewildered and listless manner.

In a never-to-be-forgotten way, The Boy's family had a connection with the incidents of that day, when a Union soldier came rushing into the house and begged the father to hide him from the Rebels. It was all that the head of the family could do to relieve his terror in the calm remark: "Don't be affrighted. The Rebels are not wild animals, with hoofs and horns."

It has been said more than once that the Confederates possibly lost their chance to end the war then and there by an immediate march on to Washington, in the certain capture of the city, and with a dictation of the terms of peace. But this is a knotty moot point for the historians to break their disputative teeth upon, *pro et con*, without a final decision one way or the other.

Shortly after the war got into good working order, with the city thoroughly in the hands of the Union troops, one of the pet diversions of the soldiers at odd times, charitably to be hoped more in the way of idle fun than insolent meanness, was to stretch a United States flag across the side walk at some prominent place or crowded point of passage on King Street, the city's main thoroughfare, in order to make the matrons and maidens who held to the Southern cause gather up their skirts and turn out into the dirt-infested street rather than to pass under the symbol of the Union. And how the soldiers laughed as they saw the reaction to their chivalrous joke on the helpless feminine element of the town.

It might surprise one to learn that Alexandria for a considerable time was a stockaded town at what the military authorities considered to be certain vulnerable points or sections liable to attack by the Rebs. For instance, there was a high stockade, with an inside parapet or gallery arrangement for sentries and sharpshooters, out at the railroad station at the southwest end of the city. There was another, conspicuously in evidence, running all the way across King Street several blocks up from the river, at the intersection of Fairfax Street, with a narrow passageway for traffic and pedestrians, also at other places. It gave very much of a Colonial frontier cast to the town, and you could almost imagine that you were living in the days of Indian warfare and were in danger of attack by the redskins instead of the Confederates.

As the war ran far beyond the three months' time limit that the first call for volunteers had set for it, and at the after stage, when Grant took over the supreme command in a desperate effort to end it up speedily once for all, it was apparent at Washington, no less than in the field, that the imperative need was more soldiers and more soldiers. In consequence, the most rigid drafts were resorted to in order to fill up the continuously wasting and depleted ranks of the army, a movement that was so universally unpopular that it was the occasion of numerous "draft riots" in the Northern cities.

In addition to this urgent agency, recruiting stations were established in Europe, and the continent was combed with meticulous effort for its available man power, backed with the alluring inducement of big pay for mercenaries to fight under the glorious Stars and Stripes in order to force the seceding States of the South back again, *nolens volens*, into the loving arms of the Union. In fact, the whole world was open to efforts of this nature.

The Boy clearly remembers seeing blue-clad regiments of those old-world mercenaries, who could not speak a word of English, passing through his boyhood

town to the front. One of the brigades or divisions in the Federal army was known as "Sigel's Men," made up of German hirelings.

The Boy's family had occasion to remember many a day thereafter some of the ruthless members of this corps, when a veritable mob of vociferous German soldiers came plunging through the side alley of the house, with a keg of beer in charge, and, passing right in front of the kitchen door without so much as "by your leave," made for a vacant lot at the rear of the premises. And out there, with riotous noise and maudlin singing and uproar, they swilled the beer like swine, until one by one they reeled over and slept the hours away in a deep and drunken debauch, with the broiling rays of the midsummer's sun beating upon their unconscious carcasses. The family, of course, was entirely helpless to interfere in the backyard program.

(Continued in November.)

THE BATTLE OF THE CLOTHES LINE.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

It was a rare day during the summer of 1862 and Kansas City the town. The early dew had been licked up by the ardent rays of the sun, and the day gave promise of heat and manly thirst. The dawn had been ushered in by the rat-tat of reveille, the Union flag run up at the masthead up at Fort Lincoln, and all Kansas City seemed to be at peace. The Irish company set off on a hike toward Independence, the American company dismissed for the day, and the keys of the quiet little city at Karsmouth had been turned over to Capt. Sauer Kraut of the Dutch company.

Down at the boat landing a lone sentry had been posted to see that the river ran properly down stream, and that no rebel or secesh invaded the city from the land of Clay, where Madame Rumor told Corporal Grapevine that many persons disposed to make "trooble mit der governmint" were cohorting. Along about ten o'clock, Private Herr Pyshimming heard a shot and next saw something skipping over the waves of "old Muddy," coming in his direction. "Py tam! a rebil shooting at me," he exclaimed and lustily called for "Corperal of de gard." The corporal came, filled up with information, and excitedly carried it up to Fort Lincoln.

"Call out de army; order de artillery to de front," excitedly ordered the captain; and soon all was rush and clamor. The sole 6-pounder of the "*Corps de Armie*" was thrown forward and took position on Riddlebarger's hill, which overlooked the river, and the infantry formed in solid, yet scared to death, phalanx along the levee. Nobody could be seen over

on the Clay County shore, but there was a clothes line, bedecked with the week's wash of some thrifty housewife, and behind it presumably skulked a whole regiment of "Secesh." Then back of that a dense grove of heavy cottonwoods that might conceal a whole army.

Eagerly the captain sought sight of man, musket, bayonets, or cannon with his field glass, but, seeing no enemy, concluded, before wiring Washington for reinforcements, to try "shelling the woods." Accordingly shot after shot was sent hurtling across, or into, the broad river. Finally a cannon ball cut the clothes line, another demolished a hen coop. No avengers save an angry woman appearing, the cannoners were ordered to limber up and, with the brave company, return to the fort. And thus was fought and won the battle of the "Clothes Line." The victory was complete.

That morning, John Smith, of North Kansas City, desiring to relieve his rifle of a load, had walked down to the river's edge and discharged it. The ball, it seems, instead of going into the water and behaving itself, had ricocheted, skipping from wave to wave half way across the river; and that's what excited the "Deutsch" company, and afforded it its first opportunity to win fame.

Note.—North Kansas City is across the Missouri River from Kansas City. In those days it was known as Hardaun.

THE BATTLE OF MONOCACY, MD.

BY I. G. BRADWELL. BRANTLEY, ALA.

This battle was not lost by Gen. Lew Wallace on account of a lack of discipline or courage of Rickett's five thousand veterans, double the number of their foes, but by the spirit animating the Confederates. Decimated by the first volley as they came over the crest of Brook's Hill, the remnant rushed forward with the "Rebel Yell" as if nothing had happened and drove the Yanks out of their chosen positions. The confidence displayed on this occasion, and many others before this, by General Gordon's men won for them the victory.

If the reader of these lines will go to the city cemetery of Frederick, Md., where the good people of that place buried my comrades, and count the headstones there erected to their memory, he will see how heavy was our loss in this affair. The Confederate casualties in this battle fell principally on Gordon's Georgia Brigade, as these silent witnesses will testify, but we would never have driven Rickett's men as we did but for our faithful allies, the brave Louisianians, under York, and Virginians, under Terry, for our enemy were seasoned veterans in good position and double our own number, one of our regiments having

been decimated previously in battle with Grant's army in Virginia; and then, no doubt, we were aided to some extent by our artillery on the west side of the river that couldn't ford the river and come to our assistance. All told, Georgians, Louisianians, and Virginians, we were still outnumbered by the forces under Lew Wallace. The artillerymen were able to get only one gun over the river after the fight had been in progress quite a while. This piece they placed so advantageously and served so efficiently, however, that the enemy's line gave way and in a short time Wallace's whole force was routed and in flight toward Baltimore.

In selecting the Monocacy River as his line of defense to halt the Confederate advance on Washington, General Wallace acted very wisely. The ground chosen gave him every advantage over General Early. He held the fortified bridges over the river and the available fords, while the steep banks of the river prevented all crossing except in one place down stream some distance, where infantry and cavalry with much difficulty could do so, while Wallace, with a small force, could hold the Confederates in check. If he had strung out a line of skirmishers along the crest of Brook Hill and along the high land to the river, he would have put General Early to much trouble and caused a greater loss in the ranks of the Confederates. With this position in their possession, it would have been only a matter of time when the Confederates would improve the old ford so as to get their artillery over, and from the higher ground have driven Wallace's men from their position. With these advantages in his possession, Wallace could have delayed Early here indefinitely, or until he could have received reinforcements from Grant's army.

The Confederate forces that took part in this battle on the east side of the river were Gordon's Georgia Brigade of five skeleton regiments and one battalion, in all 1,350. Two Louisiana brigades, now so reduced in number by constant fighting that they were consolidated under Colonel York and could muster only three hundred. Johnson's Division, Stonewall's old command, consolidated under General Terry, now only 1,000. The cavalry under McCausland and others perhaps eight hundred more, making in all 3,550. But the insignificant loss of the cavalry and their account of the engagement show that they did little more than exchange compliments with the enemy at the beginning of the fight. Wallace had Rickett's five thousand, veterans, and Wallace's army of four thousand; total, nine thousand. I did not see General Evans when he was shot from his horse, or Colonels Lamar and Van Volkingberg when they were killed, as I was too busy with what was in front of me, but I was always of the impression they

were all shot in the first volley that greeted us, as we started down Brook Hill. The fight was made by private soldiers of our brigade without leadership. If there was anyone to lead, I did not see him. If there had been, I would have seen, and we would have routed the enemy much sooner.

When this affair ended at the Georgetown Pike, behind the banks of which the enemy had fought for some time, standing on a bluff overlooking the whole scene and glancing around, I could see only two companions of my brigade, and three wounded Yankees on the hillside to the left. These were beckoning to us for help, as fire in the wheat stubble was slowly approaching them. Picking up new linen tent flies as we advanced, we put out the fire and saved them from being burned to death. They were very grateful and begged us for water. Those, with the wounded and dead in the road, were the only ones I saw at that place. Everywhere over the ground were evidences of the discomfiture of our foes. I could have picked up army equipment to fill wagons.

Slowly our men who had gone back to Brook Hill came back to me. Every one of them had been hit except one little fellow who always ran at the first sign of trouble. One was shot so seriously that we had to leave him in the hospital in the hands of the enemy. We stacked our guns on the north side of the pike, bivouacked there that night, and next morning bright and early were on our way to Washington to capture old Abe and take him with us back to Virginia. It has always been the regret of my life that we had to return without him. I wanted to see him and hear him explain why he allowed the war to be conducted with such inhuman barbarity. Until this day, I have firmly believed he could have accomplished the same results without such atrocities. They were uncalled for and only embittered the South. To this day this feeling to some extent exists. If he was not the author of this policy, he certainly knew how his generals were conducting the war, and did nothing to correct it, and, when appealed to, gave no satisfaction or made no promise.

But in the end he suffered the consequences of the deep feeling of revenge engendered by this orgy of crime that swept over the South and left it a desert. Sooner or later, all must pay for their crimes against humanity; there is no escape. An avenging Nemesis follows the guilty. "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay," says the Good Book.

Yes, that little delay at Monocacy, and a few others, saved Washington from falling into the hands of the Confederates and Lincoln the humiliation of being a prisoner in the custody of his enemies. Perhaps if he had had this experience for a while, he would have had a little sympathy for the thousands

of men at that time starving and dying in prisons both north and south of the Potomac. One word from him would have relieved the situation.

From the bold advance of our weak forces, our enemy, and many who have attempted to write up this affair since, have overestimated our actual numbers. I suppose our rapid charge and Rebel Yell had their effect on the minds of our foes as at Gettysburg, when the same brigade, under the noble Gordon, captured more prisoners than they themselves numbered; or at the Wilderness, where this same command, and under the same leader, swept back Grant's right, capturing 2,500 prisoners; men with guns in their hands surrendered. As we swept over their lines, I saw many throw down their guns and hold up their hands, though I did not carry any of them to the rear. On this last occasion, General Gordon had made us understand the necessity for us to do our best, and made us believe that we would win a notable victory. On the second day of the Wilderness fight, we did the same thing, capturing many prisoners and two generals. In this little battle at Monocacy, we had only one thin line, while the enemy had several in good position; we fought in the open.

OLD SONGS.

Request comes to the VETERAN for copies of two old songs which were popular in war days. One of them was known as "Kitty Wells," and runs thus:

"You ask what makes this darky weep,
Why he, like others, is not gay,
What makes the tears roll down his cheek
From early morn till close of day.

Chorus.

"When the birds sang sweetly in the morning,
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
And the sun o'er the hilltops was dawning,
It was then I laid her in the tomb."

The other song, called "Katie's Secret," is in part, probably the opening stanza, like this:

"Last night I was weeping, dear mother,
When Willie came down to the gate,
Whispered, 'Come out in the moonlight,
I've something to say to you, Kate.'"

A poem asked for is on the Confederate flag, in which is this stanza:

"Why fold it and furl it and put it away,
The flag that waved proudly over the gray?
It has not a blemish, it has not a stain,
Though it waved over fields where thousands were slain."

Copies of all these will be appreciated.

MISSOURI AFTER THE WAR.

BY JOE LEE BOMAR, AUDRAIN, MO.

The ending of the great War between the States found my father, Alexander Bomar, and several thousand Confederates and families of refugees near Shreveport, La. Many refused to surrender to the Union forces, and my father and some four or five thousand former soldiers of the Confederacy were of that conclusion.

Shelby was elected by the fugitives and refugees to lead them out of the United States and into Mexico, to join Maximilian and the French invading army that was conquering old Mexico. In the wake of Shelby, father and others went into Mexico.

The general amnesty law, or proclamation of President Andrew Johnson, opened the way for many of the unsundered, unreconstructed Confederates to return to their old, shattered homes, left by four years of invasion.

My father left the Guadalupe River country, near San Antonio, Tex., in the early spring, with a herd of Texas horses for Missouri, arriving home in June, 1866, which was the first time I remember seeing him. He had a McClellan saddle, four six shooters, big spurs, and an old gray Confederate cavalry coat, also a saddle gun or Henry rifle.

An ex-slave was laying off corn rows with a single plow, and mother, carrying our baby on her hips, and my Aunt Belle Standiford were dropping corn by hand in the rows, with Joe D. Evans, a crippled ex-Confederate, riding on a big flat rock, drawn by a yoke of oxen, dragging it and covering the corn. Her brother, Jim L. Standiford, fifteen years old, who stayed with us, was going over all with a hoe to cover any corn that the rock missed. My mother, a very devout Campbellite, had chastised me and my sister Emma for disobedience, so when the strange man appeared and asked me, "Joe Lee, where is your mother?" I said I did not know. Pa said, "O, hush, child." The old dog "Bonnie" seemed to know him, barking and running to the field as if to tell mother. Great was the meeting on recognition, after months of suspense and separation.

A general holiday was declared with all kin and neighbors, father, mother, and sisters, and talk. After all was over, then came two or three years of strenuous work and self-denial. One of our children died, little Mary Bell, as had a brother, Elza George. Pa's father, George Bomar, in 1867 or 1868. had died. Never, was a father and son more devoted, the elder a stanch Union man and the son a rampant Secesh after the Camp Jackson affair. Before the war both were Whigs, afterwards no stronger Democrats lived.

Then my mother, a Virginian, an educated woman, Southern all the way, got my father to close out and leave Audrain County. So in the fall of 1869, pa and family, Alex and Andrew Surber, and their wives, sisters of my mother, with good wagon teams, cattle, household goods, started for Texas, or to Bates County, where many of the former Audrain people and ex-Confederates settled

On November 10, 1869, we started for the Southwest. A large crowd of friends came to see us off for the then far-away journey. Grandpa Standiford went with us as far as Perche Bridge in Boone County. Emma and I and grandpap were driving a herd of cattle. At Columbia, the Athens of the Missouri Valley, we never saw so many negroes, the town was black with them. Boone was a slaveholding Whig County before the war. Out of Columbia ran a toll road to Rocheport, where we boarded a ferry, the Kitty Kisor. All the way across we saw two magnificent steamboats plowing up the Missouri, the Birdie Brent and the Montana. Father pointed out where the new Confederate recruits and Bill Anderson's command crossed the Missouri in the fall of 1864, soon after the Centralia massacre.

On to where Marmaduke with a handful of men fought with Lyon's army in 1861. He showed us a big gate post that he and Jim Martin took refuge behind for a while, shooting at Lyons' Yanks. A lot of huge carbine or musket balls were buried in the post. Boonville was then a beautiful town with fine buildings and terraced yards, overlooking the great Missouri River. Saw marks on trees and buildings wrought by Shelby's men in the battle and capturing of Boonville from the Federals. Saw a large force of men, teams, plows, wagons, scrapers, and shovels at work on the Tebo and Neosho Railroad now the M. K. and T. Railroad, building as we went to Clinton, where we left the route of the railroad.

The weather was getting cold, so Pa left all the loose horse stock and cattle, also an added bunch of seventy blue roan thoroughbreds, Durhams, he had bought of Gum Lackland, of Mexico, and Mr. Scruggs, of Boone County. The animal at the head of the pack won premiums afterwards in the Butler, Fort Scott, Harrisonville, Kansas City sweepstakes. The cattle were left for a while at a Mr. Hepler's, near Pilot Grove, the same Mr. Hepler and family who entertained Capt. Temple Wayne's proslavery company, Kansas bound in 1856.

One of the Heplers soon recognized father, and it was found both had espoused the cause of the Confederacy. Had then to realize the deep fraternal warmth existing among the old soldiers. Came to Sedalia, a small town, and saw the old stockade and breastworks of the Federals, signs galore, even after

five years' time, of the encounters with the troops of General Jackman and Colonel Hunter, where they compelled its surrender to the victorious Confederates in 1864

Colonel Hunter was of Vernon County, the man who named the city of Nevada, Mo., the man who fired the first shot in the battle of Wilson Creek in 1861, and fought at Lone Jack, Mo., and died in California. Jackman was a Howard County man, afterwards residing at Poppinsville, Bates County; fought at Lone Jack and scores of other engagements. He died as a Cleveland appointee and United States Marshal of the West District of Texas.

At Calhoun, Henry County, we saw a man ride up to a hitch rack and throw the reins of the bridle over a hitch post. The man had both hands off. In conversation with him, Pa found that the poor fellow had lost both hands at the battle of Lexington, Mo., in 1861. He was a gunner in the battle of the peerless, renowned Col. Hiram Bledsoe. Pa gave the handless man ten dollars, and mother gave him a pair of woolen mittens she had knitted as we traveled; Mollie gave the man a pair of socks, and Aunt Susan gave him two handkerchiefs. He had just arrived from Texas on his pony. He said that he had a friend or kinsman named Slack, a brother of Gen. W. T. Slack, who was killed at the battle of Elkhorn, in 1862.

Proceeded on to Old German Town and Deep Water Creek in Henry County, we found all kinds of tumbled down pole huts, where a great part of the exiles were huddled in squalor during the latter part of the war by the infamous Order No. 11. Bates, North Vernon, part of Cass and Jackson Counties were well-nigh depopulated of loyal home defenders, of women and children, as every man and boy who was able was in the command of some Southern field of activity.

We crossed over to Bates County near old Johnstown. There destruction was supreme, with blackened chimneys everywhere where had been fine old hospitable homes. We saw one man plowing for wheat with a cow and a pony. He had ridden home after his parole in the South, finding his wife and barefoot children in the frost, and their house a pole pen, covered with long prairie grass. This was a sample of the havoc wrought by four years of war between neighbors. Hardly a family had escaped destruction of properties and death. Many of the county records were destroyed in this orgy of infamies. Old Henry Stuster, shot by Kansans for his horses and his family driven into exile, had been a drummer in Colonel Doniphan's regiment in the Mexican War.

Returning refugees and remnants of the Con-

federate forces, augmented by ex-Union men, such as Captains Newberry, N. A. Wade, and scores of others of the Frank P. Blair type, soon put an end to this order of business, and usurpers and squatter-carpetbaggers were swept from power. Before this was done, no man who had worn the gray could vote or one who had sympathized with the Confederacy. I have seen my father and others swept aside by bayonets to make way for the newly freed black men.

The Southerners were soon aroused, and drove the radical carpetbag gangs from power. The slow process of rebuilding and adjustment then moved forward, though the political tension was intense for years.

The Southern patriots wore nothing of a blue color. Republicans were held in detestation, and the name Kansas was an ignominy. It took a man with whiskers and boys with nerve to be a Democrat in those days, and no wonder that it still remains in me and so many more.

The Northern reader has only to reverse the historical picture to get its full meaning to the Southerners of the "Order No. 11" district, where furniture, clothing, bedding, grain, and live stock were carried away or burned.

It has often been said that four times as many invaders were killed as the entire Southern force furnished by the "Order No. 11" district. It took a man like Bingham, the artist, to put the scenes of that day on canvas.

The burning and sacking of Ocala by Kansas brought on the destruction of Lawrence, Kans., by Quantrell in retaliation. Jackman struck the burners and looters of Ocala near Pleasant Gap, when they were returning to Kansas, loaded with plunder, and chased them on for miles through Butler. Capt. Cal Martin struck them in the flank at the Miami, west of Butler, and for miles the line of route was strewn with the dead, horses, household and dry goods, abandoned in flight and scattered over the prairie.

At this late day it is hard to realize the intense hatred of the Southerners in the section in which I was reared. The old Constitution, with its provisos for government by consent, not by force, and its assumption that the State existed first, before the Union, was interpreted strictly by the Southerners of that day. These "Order No. 11" people believed themselves inherently right, and so conducted themselves in defense of their homes, views, and opinions. Clothed with these righteous views, it took a preponderant force to overcome the Home and Constitutional Party, designated the Confederates, but in truth the old original Federated Union Party.

A great thing to be one of those heroes! More real honor than to be a king of any nation on earth.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

A good old man has gone to rest,
And, like the sheaves of golden grain
That fall to earth to live again,
His golden years are manifest.

For in his children will appear
Seed of that faith they saw in him,
And may that faith spring up in them
An increase of his sowing here.

* * *

A good old man has gone to rest;
Nor was his gentle life in vain;
His years are sheaves of golden grain
Here and hereafter manifest.

—J. W. Patterson.

COL. W. N. PUGH.

The last roll call sounded for Col. W. N. Pugh at his home in New Bern, N. C., on June 29. He was born November 7, 1846, at St. Johns, Pitt County, N. C.

When only seventeen years of age, he enlisted in the army of the Southern Confederacy, and during the summer of 1861 was stationed at Fort Macon, N. C. The army of General Burnside moved up Neuse River and captured New Bern, leaving no outlet for retreat from Fort Macon. For six weeks they were subjected to shot and shell. Fire was returned until all the guns of the fort were disabled and surrender was finally agreed to on condition that immediate parole would be given to all soldiers and that the officers should retain their swords and private side arms. About five months after that, they were exchanged and reorganized Company F, at Wilmington, and acted as provost guard for that post.

In 1863, W. N. Pugh received an exchange to Company K, 67th North Carolina Regiment, and served in that regiment continuously except about seven months in prison at Point Lookout, Md. He was again exchanged, rendered service, and was discharged near Greensboro, N. C., at the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnson in April, 1865.

For a number of years, Colonel Pugh served as Adjutant General of the Third Brigade, North

Carolina Division, U. C. V., and in that position led the Brigade to first place in the Division. The Bern Camp also had its place in his heart, and as its Commander, he served faithful and well.

Colonel Pugh was an outstanding citizen, beloved for his great devotion to the cause of the Confederacy, and his council and advice concerning this subject was always appreciated.

He was a member of the Episcopal Church, and from there the beautiful burial service was read in tribute to a beloved member as he lay under a blanket of flowers in the design of the Stars and Bars he loved so well.

He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and four sons.

The memory of Colonel Pugh will long live in the hearts of those who knew him.

CAPT. ARTHUR V. DEADERICK.

Capt. A. V. Deaderick, familiarly known as "Uncle Dot," was born in Hamblen County, Tenn., August 2, 1833, and died June 9, 1929, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. L. Martin, Bessemer, Ala. with whom he had spent the winters since the death of his wife in 1927.

Mr. Deaderick was married in July, 1854, to Mary Adeline Walker, of New Market, Tenn., he being twenty-one years old and she not quite fourteen years. To this union six children were born; all are living. He was owner and operator of Unaka Springs, four miles south of Erwin, Tenn.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, Arthur V. Deaderick enlisted in Company B, 19th Tennessee Regiment, and served four years in the Confederate army, and received his commission as captain. He was in nineteen battles and twenty-one skirmishes, among them were the battles of Chickamauga and Shiloh.

Captain Deaderick was the eldest son of James W. Deaderick, Chief Justice of Tennessee. He was also the great-grandson of Gen. Evans Shelby and Dr. Ephriam McDowell, pioneers of Kentucky.

He was laid to rest in Monte Vista burial park, Johnson City, Tenn. Placed on his casket with loving hands were two evergreen wreaths with the Confederate flag, one from the 19th Tennessee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Bristol, Tenn.; the other from the Rosalie Brown Chapter, Erwin, Tenn.

He was a member of the Presbyterian Church.

"Peace to his ashes and honor to his memory."

[Mrs. Robert W. Brown, Honorary President Rosalie Brown Chapter, U. D. C., Erwin, Tenn.]

CAPT. W. F. ANDERSON.

Capt. W. F. Anderson, a native of Rappahannock County, Va., and who died in July, 1928, at Covington, Va., enlisted as a private in the Culpeper Minute Men at the outbreak of war between the States, and his company was sent to Harper's Ferry and assigned to the 13th Virginia Infantry. At the end of the year's term of enlistment, the company was disbanded and he returned to Rappahannock County and helped to raise a company of cavalry, under Capt. A. M. Willis, and it was later joined with the command under Gen. Turner Ashby. At a reorganization, the Willis Rappahannock Cavalry was known as Company G, 12th Virginia Cavalry.

With his command, Comrade Anderson participated in the principal engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia, including the cavalry battles of Brandy Station and Trevilian's, was in the thirty days' raid by General Jones through West Virginia, and in the capture of New Creek and Beverly at later dates, when the brigade was known as the Laurel Brigade, and was commanded by Gen. Thomas L. Rosser.

At the organization of Willis's Cavalry Company, he had been elected second lieutenant, and later was made first lieutenant. He had the honor of leading the company in its first engagement at Buckton Station, in Warren County, Va., and in its last engagement at Appomattox he was in command of the regiment and surrendered it there. Having been detached from the brigade on special duty on the morning of the surrender, he was not with the brigade when it disbanded at Lynchburg after learning of the surrender.

Major Anderson, as he was generally known in Covington, was born and lived for many years in Rappahannock County. He was a brother of Peyton Anderson, another gallant soldier of the Confederacy.

NORTH CAROLINA COMRADES.

J. H. Marsh, Adjutant of the First Brigade, North Carolina Division, U. C. V., also Adjutant of Camp No. 382, U. C. V., of Mecklenburg County, N. C., died February 19, 1929, at the age of eighty-one years. He enlisted when only fifteen years old in Company C, Junior Reserves of North Carolina, but was finally a member of Company H, 2nd North Carolina Regiment; was in service during the whole of the war. He bore the reputation of sterling honesty and uprightness.

John S. Shafer, for many years a member of Camp No. 382, U. C. V., of Mecklenburg County, N. C., died on August 21, 1929, while visiting his son in Macon, Ga. He was ninety-five years old. Major Shafer was a member of the Maryland

Battery, Chesapeake Artillery, C. S. A., and fought under Lee and Jackson

W. Thomas Cashion, another member of Mecklenburg Camp, died at his home in Mecklenburg County, N. C., on August 30, at the age of eighty-three years. For some fifty years he had been an elder in the A. R. P. Church, and was a highly esteemed citizen, a beloved veteran of the Confederate cause of the sixties. He is survived by his wife and four daughters.

[J. D. Barrier, Adjutant, Charlotte, N. C.]

REV. JAMES A. LYONS.

After long months of suffering, the spirit of Rev. James A. Lyons of Glade Springs, Va., passed into the realms of rest on February 18, 1929. Brave, cheerful, patient, he was ready for the call.

James A. Lyons was the son of Daniel and Sybella Jones Lyons, born July 3, 1845, at the home in Knoxville, Tenn., and there he enjoyed the best educational advantages. When the War between the States came on, he found employment with the leading jeweler in Knoxville, but in May, 1863, he enlisted as a soldier of the Confederacy at Shelbyville, joining Company E, 19th Tennessee Infantry, and participated in all the engagements of his command, including the fighting around Nashville, Chattanooga, and Atlanta. He was wounded at Atlanta on July 22, 1864, but was with Johnston at the surrender in North Carolina, April, 1865. After being mustered out, he walked home from Greensboro, reaching Knoxville on May 15.

Feeling that his real life work was in the ministry, two years after the war he gave up business and entered East Tennessee University to complete his education. Intensive application caused a breakdown in health, and he began teaching in the School for Deaf and Dumb temporarily, but which continued through seven years. During the time he took a leading place in the Sunday school work of his Church and was also training himself for the ministry. In 1870 he was licensed to preach, and he continued in active ministerial work for thirty-six years, in all giving fifty-three years of his life to the ministry, serving as pastor, presiding elder, editor of Church organs, Conference Sunday School Secretary, and in various other capacities of importance in the Methodist Church.

Comrade Lyons was married to Miss Margaret Lenoir in 1884, who died in 1892, leaving a son and a daughter. His second marriage, in 1901, was to Miss Jennie Buchanan, of Glade Spring, Va., who survives him, with the two children.

A noble, useful life closed with his passing. In Old Gray Cemetery at Knoxville, his body was tenderly laid away to await the resurrection.

CAPT. C. P. DEARING.

Capt. Calvin P. Dearing, grand old man of Trigg County, Ky., passed to the great beyond on the 26th of August, after a brief illness. His late home had been with his daughter, Mrs. I. B. Porter, on a farm near Cadiz.

Captain Dearing was born in Bedford County, Va., on the 29th of October, 1842, and grew to young manhood in that section. At the age of nineteen he entered the Southern army in the War between the States, enlisting May 1, 1861, as a member of Company G, 28th Virginia Infantry, Col. Robert Preston in command. He was in both Manassas fights, was also in the battle of Yorktown, and in the seven days' fighting around Richmond, and at Cold Harbor and Gaines's Mill. He was in Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg, and also during the entire three days of that memorable conflict was in the thickest of the fight. He was one of the boys who charged the Federals at the rock fence, where so many lost their lives.

After the famous battle, he was captured and sent as a prisoner to Fort Delaware, where he was held until the end of the war, being discharged on the 18th of May, 1865.

Going to Trigg County, Ky., a few years after the war, there he engaged in farming, and he also served the county as a justice of the peace for a number of years. Soon after the war he was united in marriage to Miss Cresey, of Virginia. Ten daughters were born to this union, nine of whom survive him, with his wife.

For many years he had been a member of the Christian Church at Roaring Spring, and ever devoted to the teaching of that Church. His body was taken to Cadiz and laid in its last earthly resting place in East End Cemetery.

With the passing of Captain Dearing only three veterans of the Southern army are left in Trigg County, and they are: Sam Lancaster, Joe Mitchell, and M. E. Barefield.

ARTHUR CAMPBELL TURNER.

At the age of eighty-five years, Arthur C. Turner died suddenly at his home in Clearwater, Fla., on August 9, 1929. He was born in Madison Fla., February 26, 1844, and at the age of ten years moved to Clearwater, where he lived until his death.

Arthur C. Turner was mustered into the Confederate army in front of the courthouse in Tampa, Fla., in March, 1862. He was a member of Company B, 7th Florida Infantry. He had never been mustered out of the service, as he was at home on sick leave at the close of the war.

At the time of his death, he was Commander of Camp Zollicoffer, U. C. V. of Pinellas County, Fla.,

and attended the reunion in Charlotte, N. C., in June. He cherished the Confederate Cross of Honor, and was laid away with it on his breast. He was married three times, all of his wives being now deceased. He is survived by thirteen children, thirty-eight grandchildren, eighteen great-grandchildren, and one sister.

The funeral services were held in the Methodist Church, of which he was a charter member, trustee, and steward, and interment made in the family lot in the Clearwater Cemetery, on Sunday, August 11.

W. B. GRACEY.

W. B. Gracy, a member of Lakeland Camp, No. 1543, U. C. V., died on July 25, 1929. He attended the reunion at Charlotte, N. C., and on his way home visited his brother in Tennessee, and while there was taken suddenly ill.

William Barnett Gracy was born in Giles County, Tenn., September 28, 1845; moved to Maury County when a small boy, where he lived until 1888. In 1870 he married Miss Melissa Hanna. On account of ill health, he removed his family to California in 1888, where he lived for eleven years, completely regaining his strength. In 1900, shortly after their return to Maury County, his wife and elder daughter died. In 1906, he married Miss Margaret West, and they located in Lakeland, Fla., in 1913. Since her death, he had made his home with his children.

In May of this year, Comrade Gracy attended the general assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Princeton, Ky., going from there to Tennessee to visit relatives. It was while in the home of his brother, Dr. B. B. Gracy, Smyrna, Tenn., that his call came, and on the morning of July 25, he went "home." He was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Lynnville, Tenn.

Mr. Gracy was converted and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in his youth. His earnest Christian character was recognized when he was still a young man, and he was made a ruling elder, which office he held in the Lakeland Church at the time of his death.

At he age of sixteen he volunteered for service in the Confederate army, serving in Company F, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, under Gen. Joe Wheeler, surrendering at Charlotte, N. C., April 25, 1865.

During his residence in Lakeland, he was a member of Lakeland Camp, No. 1543, U. C. V. He was a lovable Christian gentleman, a faithful Churchman, a loyal friend, and a devoted husband and father. He leaves us with only three of the old comrades to maintain the Camp.

[C. L. Willoughby, Adjutant Lakeland Camp No. 1543, U. C. V.]

CAPT. JOHN TONKIN.

One of the most prominent citizens of Oil City, Pa., Capt. John Tonkin, aged ninety-two years, died at the home there on July 15, after an illness of some weeks. He was noted for his sterling character and for the Southern type of hospitality extended in his home.

A son of the late John and Margaret Tonkin, he was born on March 21, 1837, near Wilkes-Barre, where his father was engaged in the coal mining industry. While he was still a boy, the family moved to Tennessee, where he was reared and educated, studying for two years at Hiwassee College, at Madisonville, Tenn.

He was employed at the copper mines in Tennessee until the outbreak of the war, and in September, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate service, becoming a second lieutenant of Company A, 43rd Tennessee Regiment, and in May, 1862, being promoted to captain. He participated in many of the outstanding campaigns of the war, and at the time of the surrender was under the command of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in North Carolina.

Following the war, Captain Tonkin went North and located near Wilkes-Barre. In 1894, he moved to Oil City and there became connected with prominent oil interests, and acquired large interests of his own in the Kentucky fields, and was president of the Central Kentucky Natural Gas Company. He also took an active part in religious and philanthropic affairs and was a tireless worker for civic and community welfare. His success only inspired him to greater deeds for his community and his fellow man, and he was widely admired and esteemed.

He was a member of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church of Oil City, and for a number of years served as vestryman of that Church.

Captain Tonkin was married to Mrs. Margaret Ferguson, and is survived by three sons and two daughters, also two stepsons, eleven grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

N. PETER MILLS.

N. Peter Mills, who died in Barlow, Ky., his home, August 16, 1929, was born in Johnson County, Ill., March 5, 1843. He enlisted at Columbus, Ky., in the fall of 1861, in Company C, of the Kentucky Infantry, Charles Wickliffe colonel, and served therein throughout the War between the States. Colonel Wickliffe being killed at Shiloh, April 7, 1862, Edward Crossland was elected colonel, and continued as such until the close of the war. In March, 1864, his regiment was mounted and transferred to the command of General Forrest, under whom Comrade Mills served until paroled, with his

command, at the close of the war. On May 13, 1875, he wedded Miss Josie A. Bishop, and he is survived by five daughters and a son.

Of the one hundred and twenty-five members from Ballard County, Ky., enlisting in his company, the only survivor now is the writer of this obituary.

[George B. Wilds, 252 Crestroad South, Chattanooga, Tenn.]

W. H. WOODLEY.

Willis Harrison Woodley, eighty-six years old, died at the home of his son in Clarksburg, W. Va., on the 24th of August. For a number of years he lived in Beverly, Randolph County, and his body was taken there for burial.

Comrade Woodley was the last survivor of the Upshur Grays, a band of young men in Upshur County who enlisted in the Confederate cause in the early days of the war. It is said that he was the first to cast his lot with this company, which was organized in Upshur County and was taken to Philippi to join the Confederate forces. Later, members of the company were transferred to other units and gave distinguished service to the Confederacy throughout the war.

Comrade Woodley was a native of Sargo, Upshur County, and his wife, who was Miss Martha A. Dickinson, was a native of Culpeper County, Va., where his parents were born and reared. He joined the Masonic fraternity shortly after the war, and was a member of the Richmond Lodge in late years, having lived at the Confederate Home in Richmond for some years. He was visiting his sons in Clarksburg when death occurred. Two sons survive him.

F. E. PITT.

F. E. Pitt, pioneer citizen of Grayson County, Tex., died at the Confederate Home, Austin, Tex., at the age of eighty-six years. He had been an inmate of the Home for the past fourteen months, and previously had been living with a son near Sherman. He is survived by three sons, six grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Comrade Pitt was born near Barren Plains, in Robertson County, Tenn., January 8, 1843, and there grew to young manhood. He volunteered as a soldier of the Confederacy, and served as a member of Company B, 13th Tennessee Infantry, his service extending from October, 1861, to the end of the war in 1865. He was in the fighting at Fort Donelson in February, 1862; was taken prisoner at Shy's Hill near Nashville (evidently soon after the battle of Franklin), and remained in prison until the surrender. He was an earnest Christian, and an active worker in the Methodist Church.

[Col. E. C. Wilson, Electra, Tex.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*
Chatham, Va.

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga. *First Vice President General*
MRS. R. F. BLANKENBURG *Second Vice President General*
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MRS. MADGE D. BURNEY, Waynesboro, Miss. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. *Recording Secretary General*
MISS MARY L. G. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. *Treasurer General*
Rural Route No. 2
MISS MARION SALLEY, Orangeburg, S. C. *Historian General*
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Registrar General*
4620 South Derbigny Street
MRS. JAMES E. WOODARD, Woodard Circle, Wilson, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: One of the most beautiful celebrations of the present administration was the joint observance of Memorial Day by the American Legion Post No. 315, the Philadelphia Chapter, U. D. C., and the local survivors of the G. A. R.

The initiative was taken by the American Legion in a most gracious letter to Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, of the Philadelphia Chapter, under date of May 11, 1929. The plan carried out in detail was the presentation of a Confederate flag by the U. D. C. Chapter to the G. A. R. representatives, the presentation by them of a United States flag to the U. D. C. representatives, these flags to become the property of and remain in the custody of the Legion Post. The master of ceremonies was Col. John C. Nichols, a member of the Legion and son of a Confederate veteran. The march was from the entrance of the cemetery to the Confederate section, where Colonel Nichols delivered the address, children scattered flowers, a prayer was offered, and the flags were exchanged. During this part of the ceremonies, the band played softly, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia." The exercises concluded with "Tenting to-Night on the Old Camp Ground," and the audience adjourned to the pavilion for the remainder of the service.

We know nothing of the ancestry of the writer of the letter from the Post, whether his father fought with North or South, but we have read no more inspiring sentiment than that with which Colonel Rolston concludes his letter to Mrs. Lane: "Just so shall we stand some day on the threshold of a soldier's last adventure, and just so we like would other generations to take from our failing hands, with impressive ceremony, the sacred duties we have performed. With this in mind, we are urging you and your organization to help us honor all the dead, both North and South, and mark the passing for all time of that wonderful generation, who, imbued with their ideals, plunged into battle, displaying to the world

the highest courage and fortitude, and leaving to a coming generation a priceless heritage which we were enabled to uphold on the bloody fields of France."

The Recording Secretary General reports the following Chapters as having been chartered in the past few months; No. 1989, Campbell Chapter, S. C.; No. 1990, Mary Custis Lee, Ohio; No. 1991, Margaret Hart Ross, California; No. 1991, Asha Faison Colwell Williams, District of Columbia; No. 1993, Lieut. William Jones Turner; No. 1994, Mary Lewis, Arkansas; No. 1995, Blue Ridge Grays, Virginia; No. 1996, John Gideon Harris, Alabama; No. 1997, Mary Lou Dancy, Alabama; No. 1998, Oliver, C. Edwards, S. C.; No. 1999, Crawford W. Long, Georgia; No. 2000 Confederate Flag, District of Columbia; No. 2001 Southern Cross, W. Va.; No. 2002, Henry W. Grady, Ohio; No. 2003, Harris-Harwood, Virginia.

Mrs. Bashinsky wishes the Chapters to know that the convention literature will not reach them as early this year as last, for the reason that amendments to the by-laws may be considered at the coming convention. Such proposed amendments may be filed with the Recording Secretary at any time within "sixty days before the day fixed for the convention," no printing, therefore, can be done until after this limit of sixty days.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee, Charlotte, N. C., the First Vice President General, Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, announced that she would offer a prize to be presented on President's Evening at the next convention, this prize to be a memorial to her father, a soldier in the War between the States and the Spanish-American War, and her son, a soldier in the World War, the nature of this prize to be decided later and to be awarded the Division President presenting the most "concise, constructive, and comprehensive" report.

A communication has been received from Col. E. H. Pitcher, Commander Departments of Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, West Virginia, and District of

Columbia," Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War." Commander Pitcher states that his Department will introduce a resolution during the National Encampment to promote a reunion between the Blue and the Gray to take place in either 1930 or 1931, and he requested an expression of opinion from the President General.

Her letter to Colonel Pitcher follows:

"CHATHAM, VA., August 30, 1929.

"Col. E. H. Pitcher,
Department Commander, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War.

"*My Dear Sir:* Your esteemed favor of August 27 is acknowledged, with appreciation of the patriotic American sentiments therein contained.

We note that you refer in your letter to General Sneed, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, of which you inclosed copy, to the proposed reunion of the Blue and the Gray being held in the National Capital in 1930 or 1931.

"The place of meeting for 1930 having been selected by the United Confederate Veterans, we are not advised if it would be practicable to make a change, or if the Commander in Chief has the authority to make such change.

"In addition, we would say that one of the most sacred trusts of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is to honor the memory of the Confederate veterans who have passed on; another is to minister to the welfare, comfort, and happiness of the survivors of this grand army. We do not presume to seek to direct the policies of the United Confederate Veterans' organization, or to advise or recommend concerning the business affairs of the association.

"Wherever and whenever the United Confederate Veterans assemble, the members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy hold themselves in readiness to contribute all in the power of woman to their comfort, their health, and the joy they find in reviving memories of a glorious past.

"Very respectfully.—"

Invitations to the convention of the West Virginia Division, September 24-26, is acknowledged with deep appreciation and regret that it will be impossible to be absent from the desk at this time. It would also have been a great pleasure to accept the invitation of the "Uncle Remus Memorial Association" to attend the ceremonies incident to the unveiling of a memorial to Joel Chandler Harris, August 25, at the Open Air Westminster of the South," Fletcher, N. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

Grand representatives of the Army of Tennessee and the Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. W. A. Collier and Gen. Charles D. Harvey, have heard the

clear call of the "Pilot" and have crossed over the river to rest with their gallant commander "under the shade of the trees."

For twelve years, General Collier has served as the Commander of the Forrest Cavalry Association, and his was a well-known figure at all Confederate reunions. He will be sadly missed upon the assembling in 1930.

Gen. Charles D. Harvey had served as Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., and also as Paymaster General upon the Staff of the Commander in Chief. He anticipated with great pleasure attendance upon the reunion in Charlotte, and a visit to the home of his childhood and the place of his enlistment, Lynchburg, Va., but God willed otherwise. The date of the reunion found him on a bed of illness, and on August 14, "he heard Faith's low, sweet singing through the night and, groping through the darkness, touched God's hand." To his daughter, our beloved Chairman of the Department of Records, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, and to the members of the family of General Collier, we extend the sympathy of this organization.

"The list is long and those that grieve are many."

Mrs. Roy McKinney sorrows for a brother "loved long since and lost a while; Mrs. J. Frost Walker, President South Carolina Division, the passing of her father; Mrs. Kline, affectionately remembered by members of the Shiloh Monument Committee, the tragic death of her husband; Mrs. McCready, Recorder of Crosses, Mary Mildren Sullivan Chapter, the death of her son; Miss Annie Mann, correspondent from Virginia for the VETERAN, that of a beloved brother. For these, and for all who sorrow, we extend our deepest sympathy.

Sincerely

MAUDE MERCHANT.

THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, U. D. C.

The thirty-sixth annual convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will be held at Biloxi, Miss., November 20-24, 1929. Official headquarters will be the Buena Vista Hotel. Other hotels at Biloxi are: Hotel Biloxi, the Tivoli, the Riviera, the White House, and the New Hotel. Reservations should be made promptly.

An unfortunate error in the address of Mrs. A. S. Porter in connection with those old letters to and from Camp Chase prisoners may have occasioned some delay in correspondence. Her address is 14724 Clifton Boulevard, Lakewood, Ohio.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Alabama.—Officers elected at the Annual Convention held in Mobile, in April, were: President, Mrs. J. M. Burt, Opelika; First Vice President, Mrs. A. M. Grimsley, Fayette; Second Vice President, Mrs. Eugene Smith, Sylacauga; Recording Secretary, Miss Mattie Sheibley, Mobile; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. W. Stewart, Opelika; Treasurer, Mrs. T. F. Stephens, Montgomery; Registrar, Mrs. E. G. Smith, Birmingham; Historian, Mrs. W. C. Miles, Oneonta; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. W. W. Hollingsworth, Bessemer; Director of C. of C. Mrs. C. G. Sharpe, Montevallo; Chaplain, Mrs. R. C. Anderson, Selma.

Louisiana.—A bit of historical work recently done by a Louisiana Chapter was the celebrating of the Mansfield battle anniversary by a suitable public program, a banquet given to the Confederate veterans by the local Chapter, and by decorating Confederate graves. Another interesting feature of the Division's work along the same line was the donation to the historical museum of the Louisiana State University of a valuable collection of old papers and letters, including a picture of Jefferson Davis, an old newspaper giving an account of his funeral, and a parole granted a Confederate soldier by the United States authorities in May, 1865.

Through the efforts of the Division, Louisiana Day, April 30, anniversary of the transfer of the Louisiana territory from France to the United States, was observed in many of our schools, chiefly by the writing of essays on subjects pertaining to the history of the State. During the last school year the organization conducted a State-wide essay contest among high school students, and prizes were awarded at a most interesting meeting in Baton Rouge for essays on "The Siege of Port Hudson" and on "Henry Watkins Allen," war governor of the State.

A creditable work has been accomplished by the Camp Moore Chapter in the building of a log cabin clubhouse at Camp Moore, one-time recruiting ground for Confederate soldiers. On August 23, the building was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.

Joanna Waddill and Henry Watkins Chapters, of Baton Rouge, are carrying out their plan of a marker a year and a pilgrimage to places of historical interest and having them written up in the newspapers.

Shreveport Chapter improves Fort Humbug regularly.

[Miss Mamie Graham, Editor.]

* * *

Tennessee.—The activities of the Tennessee Division of late centered largely in district meetings, of which four have been held. The first of these

meetings was that of the West Tennessee Daughters, held in Memphis with good attendance and fine interest. Mrs. B. M. Cowan, First Vice President, most ably presided.

The East Tennessee Conference was entertained in a most hospitable manner by the Gen. John C. Vaughn Chapter, Sweetwater, with Mrs. Eugene Monday, Third Vice President, presiding.

The Upper East Tennessee Conference was held in historic Elizabethton, June 11, Mrs. Eugene Monday presiding, the Major Folsome Chapter being hostess of the occasion. Addresses were made by the State officers. Greetings were given by Mrs. T. J. Mims, President of hostess Chapter, by the Regent of D. A. R. Chapter, Regent of Daughters of 1812, and many other civic organizations. There were eighty-five present, honor guests being Confederate veterans and belles of the sixties. Elizabethton's patriotic organizations gave tea for the U. D. C. conference at the historic home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Seiler, built in 1818, honoring the State officers. The Seiler home is known throughout this section for its charming hospitality, gracious hostess, and rare and wonderful collection of antiques. The visitors had the opportunity of seeing the portraits of the famous Landon Carter, for whom Carter County was named, and Rear Admiral Carter, who had the honor of being brevetted brigadier general. He was an uncle of the hostess. A silver service, which belonged to President Andrew Johnson, was used in the dining room.

Capt. Roby Brown Chapter, Mrs. W. W. Worley, President, entertained the State officers with an elaborate reception at Mountain City.

The Middle Tennessee Conference was held in Shelbyville June 26, the Agnes L. Whiteside Chapter, hostess. The ritual was read by Mrs. Agnes L. Whiteside, for whom the Chapter was named. She was a typical specimen of a Southern woman of the sixties, dressed in black satin, with rose point lace trimming. Mrs. C. W. Underwood, First Vice President, presided. Addresses were made by the State President, Mrs. Lowndes Turney, Mrs. H. A. Cragon, Jr., Recording Secretary, Tennessee Division, and Mrs. E. M. Gillespie, State Chairman of the Sam Davis Home.

On April 30 a bowlder was placed on the Jefferson Davis Highway on the State line between Mississippi and Tennessee, Mrs. Homer T. Sloan, State Director, presiding. Many notable guests were present on this occasion.

Mrs. Lowndes Turney, State President, had the pleasure of attending all four of the District conferences. The State convention will meet October 9-12 in Chattanooga.

South Carolina.—The preservation of Woodrow Wilson's boyhood home in Columbia, S. C., is now an assured fact, the amount set aside by the South Carolina legislature having been matched by the citizenry of the State. The patriotic organizations and clubs all lent a hand in the raising, and many of the U. D. C. Chapters helped too. This home will be the State relic room and much of historic interest in "the State's keeping" will be here.

The Confederate Home in Columbia, S. C., is indeed a place of loveliness. The main body of the Home is colonial, with wing dormitory and a splendidly equipped hospital. No place in South Carolina has so beautiful a flower garden, and to go there is a pleasurable pastime to the forty-six veterans and seventeen "Girls of the Sixties." There are great beds all aglow with those flowers our grandmothers grew, which these "girls" love to cull, and walks bordered with hollyhocks, zinnias and sweet verbenas and snapdragon. We watched these dear old folks as they strolled over these lovely grounds of ten acres. They were all so happy—why, a dear old veteran and a "girl of the sixties" have married! The U. D. C. Chapters all over the State keep the Home in mind and in various ways express their love and remembrance.

Mrs. J. Frost Walker, of Union, the President of the South Carolina Division, lost her father, Capt. J. M. Greer, on June 21. Captain Greer made a distinguished record during the War between the States, and was honored and beloved over the State. A lovely floral tribute from the South Carolina Division was a silent token of love and sympathy from every Daughter.

Two new Chapters have recently been organized—the Oliver E. Edward Chapter, Spartanburg, S. C., and the Campobello Chapter, Campobello, S. C.

Mrs. J. W. Mixson, President of the William Wallace Chapter, Union, S. C., has composed a beautiful song, "The Stars and Bars," and Chapters are using this effectively.

The chairman of the Education Committee, S. C. Division, Mrs. Peter Brunson, of Orangeburg, and her committee, are deeply concerned with their especial work, and just now there are many desiring college education who are of Confederate descent. During the year of 1928 South Carolina Division had fifteen general U. D. C. scholarships, ten Division scholarships, eight from the four Districts and nineteen awarded by Chapters. The amount for educational purposes was over \$9,000. The Division is proud and happy to have, in the General Chairman of Education, one of its own Daughters, Mrs. R. D. Wright, Newberry, S. C.

[Miss Zena Payne, Johnston, S. C.]

Virginia.—The boulder recently placed by Boydton Chapter on the Jefferson Davis Highway was unveiled on June 3, with most appropriate exercises, a program being held at the town hall, with Mrs. E. L. Toone, President of Boydton Chapter and Chairman of the Third District, presiding. At the conclusion, the audience adjourned to the spot just east of town where the marker had been placed, and where it was unveiled by two members of L. A. Armistead Camp, U. C. V.

Misses Mary Sue Edmonson and Edna Andrews, President and youngest members of Boydton's Junior Chapter, U. D. C., placed wreaths of red and white flowers on the monument, while "Dixie" was sung.

In his presentation address, Hon. E. C. Goode paid a touching tribute to the Daughters of the Confederacy, to the boys of 1861, and especially to Jefferson Davis, in whose honor the highway is named.

[Mary N. Hutchenson, Historian, Boydton Chapter.]

* * *

West Virginia.—Bluefield Chapter reports that the social and special activities of the Chapter since October 1, 1928, have been a tea given to the D. A. R. State Convention held in Bluefield in October. The invitations included members of the local D. A. R. Chapter, members of the Matthew French Chapter, of Princeton, and delegates and friends.

On May 30, six Confederate grave markers were placed in the local cemetery, and on June 1, two at Athens, W. Va., at the graves of Maj. William N. Reynolds and Capt. James Harvey French, early identified with Concord College.

The Berkeley County Chapter unveiled a marker on July 10, at a point on the Williamsport Pike, near Martinsburg, which commemorates an incident in the war service of the great Stonewall Jackson. An account of the dedication is given in another part of this number of the VETERAN.

Historical Department, H. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."
KEYWORD "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.
MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER, 1929.

The Atlanta Campaign, Battles of Nashville and Franklin. Tactics practiced by Hood, as compared with the methods of Joseph E. Johnston.

C. OF C. TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER, 1929.

ROLL CALL: Local World War Heroes of Confederate Ancestry.

SONG: "America."

READING: "In Flanders' Field."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MRS. LAMAR LIPSCOMB.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
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MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.
MRS. L. T. D. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*
Atlanta, Ga.



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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. ROGERS WINTER, *Editor*, 61 Highland Drive, Atlanta, Ga.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Coworkers: With the passing of the summer and its period of suspended activities, when our work has been laid aside for the relaxation and rest which brings renewed vitality and clearer vision, may we not gain fresh inspiration from the lessons which the all-wise Creator has provided in his planning for each cycle of time and conserve our efforts toward carrying out the purposes of our organization? We can only hope to interest others through our own heart interest and devotion to the cause for which we are pledged. May I again urge that, even though your association is small, you make your plans to meet regularly every month? In getting together you will find that "in a multitude of counsel there is wisdom," and in personal contact an inspiration that is infectious and illuminating; also that you take time to plan well beforehand for your meeting. Make each meeting so attractive and interesting that each time will bring added interest and make new friends for your association. Have your program short and snappy, with always a short reading from some part of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, not confining your selections especially to the C. S. M. A. Department, for each issue carries historical matter new and old, with reminiscences from the memory book of men—and women, too, oftentimes—who give personal experiences not to be found elsewhere.

See if you cannot get your membership one hundred per cent subscribers to the VETERAN. A prize will be given at our next convention to the association securing the largest number of subscriptions. Send in your subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at Nashville, Tenn., the management of which will be made very happy by your coöperation, for a very heavy burden is the carrying on of

the publication, and it should have our individual support in increasing its field of usefulness.

Our new editor of the C. S. M. A. Department, Mrs. Rogers Winter, had for your edification a most splendid article last month, and I hope that you read and "inwardly digested," as well as enjoyed that beautifully written message which she presented for your consideration.

With the hope that the summer has brought to each of you the best of health and renewed zeal for the great work before us, and with every good wish for renewed success in all of your plans, I am, with affectionate remembrance, faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General*.

IN MEMORY OF JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

On Sunday afternoon, August 25, at the Open-Air Westminster of the South, at Fletcher, N. C. near Asheville the formal unveiling of the bronze tablet to the South's beloved "Uncle Remus" took place under the auspices of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association of Atlanta.

The dedication of the stone was the culmination of a dream of Mrs. Warren White, of Atlanta. This dream was shared by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Life President of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association, which has preserved the "Wren's Nest," home of Joel Chandler Harris in Atlanta. It is widely known that it was through the untiring work of Mrs. Wilson that the home of Joel Chandler Harris was saved as a memorial. This is probably the outstanding achievement of her life.

The impressive and interesting address on this occasion was delivered by the Hon. James B. Nevin, of Atlanta, and Mrs. Robert Blackburn who is famous for her gift of dialect interpretation, gave an Uncle Remus reading. The choir of Old Calvary Church at

Fletcher, sang appropriate songs, and two of the grandchildren of Mr. Harris unveiled the memorial, after the formal presentation by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson.

The marker is a tall upright boulder, bearing a bronze tablet inscribed:

"JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS
EATONTON, GA.
DECEMBER 9, 1848.
ATLANTA, GA.
JULY 3, 1908.
CREATOR OF 'UNCLE REMUS.'"

On the reverse side of the tablet is inscribed:

"ERECTED IN APPRECIATION OF
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.
UNCLE REMUS
MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
ATLANTA,
AND
CHILDREN OF PUTNAM COUNTY, GA.
JUNE 9, 1929."

With so many literary figures already connected with Old Calvary Church at Fletcher, it is not surprising that the brilliant young rector, Dr. Clarence Stuart McClellan, Jr., should conceive the idea of making the church grounds a fitting memorial of the South's noble names. Calvary Church, with its distinguished history, gave Dr. McClellan the background for his idea of the "Out-of-doors-Westminster-of-the-South."

Joel Chandler Harris was a poet, historian, humorist, and a writer of matchless prose. Aside from his matchless "Uncle Remus," he made other priceless contributions to literature. He was swept on the flood tide of his extraordinary popularity in this country to foreign lands and quickly reached the pinnacle of universal favoritism. "Br'er Rabbit" and "Br'er Fox" reveled in European applause.

His name belongs among those of his peers: Lanier and Timrod, O. Henry, Bill Nye, and many others whose genius is commemorated in Old Calvary Church yard.

The most fervent aspiration of Joel Chandler Harris while in life was the happiness of children. Earth had for him no sweeter music than the laughter of childhood. He was in unison with all that was gentle, kind, tender, and true.

As the years roll by, this memorial of Joel Chandler Harris at the open-air Westminster of the South in the "Land of the Sky" will live to teach its beautiful and inspiring lesson.

TRIBUTE TO THE C. S. M. A.

BY J. COLTON LYNES, INSPECTOR GENERAL, U. C. V.

On no occasion where the writer has addressed various assemblies has he felt so honored as when he realizes the love and veneration of the women of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association.

It is true that the Confederacy lived only four years, but it lived long enough to write in immortal lines the story of the grandeur of its men and women. It lived long enough to produce a type of manhood and noble womanhood that should remain even longer than the republic shall last. The story of their deeds rises to the sublimity of an epic.

The history of what the Confederate women did in heroic devotion and in splendid self-sacrifice is not surpassed by that of any other in the world. The sufferings of the Southern women, in their adherence to the Southern Cause, fill the brightest pages of human history and reflect the highest credit on human unselfishness. They gladly offered and gave all to their country. Human lives in large number and untold treasure were freely sacrificed. Character survives. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." Love is immortal. Science may dazzle the eye, but it cannot start a tear. Art may make the marble almost speak, and science may chain the elements to her triumphal car, but, true as the lapping to her home in the fen, true as the murmur to the shells of ocean, the heart turns from all else and quickens the pulse at thought of heroes true and tried.

The hour of adversity is woman's hour of triumph. Firm, constant, devoted patriotism, pure as the water from Chindara's fount, enthused the bosoms, and signalized the lives, of the daughters of our Revolution and especially of our Southern Confederacy alike. Meek, gentle and confiding, a devotion and love, sweet as a sainted mother's, characterized their patriotic actions. Generous and self-sacrificing, they stripped beauty of its jewels and home of its luxuries for the success of their cause and the comfort of their heroes.

This noble association, the C. S. M. A., is well named and graciously officered. The veneration of these women for their heroes shows a trait which leads to the most glorious of epics. They recall many of the dramatic episodes of the War between the States. They see their heroes of sixty or more years ago leaving their homes and bidding good-by to mother and sweetheart, fair-haired and bright-eyed youths, full of hope and enthusiasm. They see them battling, leaping bravely into the leaden storms from the enemy's guns—now in victory, now in defeat, but always performing feats of matchless valor. They hear again the lone bugle calling them from their

(Continued on page 398.)

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

DIVISION NOTES

CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

A committee headed by John Ashley Jones, Commander in Chief, S. C. V., recently appeared before the Georgia legislature and asked for an increase of pensions for Confederate veterans. The bill, as passed by the legislature, provides for a pension of \$30 a month for Confederate veterans, and \$30 per month for widows of Confederate veterans. The committee consisted of Judge Peter W. Meldrin, of Savannah; Capt. R. L. Lawrence, of Marietta; Gen. A. C. Smith, Atlanta; Hon. A. G. Harris, McDonough; Hon. A. J. Womack, Macon; Mrs. W. A. Ozmer, Decatur.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

Charles T. Norman, Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, has appointed the following comrades as members of his official staff; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Capt. R. S. Hudgins, Richmond, Va.; Inspector, W. H. McIntyre, Bennettsville, S. C.; Quartermaster, Corbin D. Glass, Roanoke, Va.; Commissary, A. W. Kirkpatrick, Lewisburg, W. Va.; Judge Advocate, Hamilton C. Jones, Charlotte, N. C.; Surgeon, Dr. J. H. Digges, Washington, D. C.; Historian, H. L. Clinkscales, New York City; Chaplain, Dr. Luther Little, Charlotte, N. C.

Commander Norman says he will give the best service of which he is capable of performing to the office of Department Commander.

PACIFIC DIVISION.

The term of office of A. D. Marshall, Commander of the Pacific Division, S. C. V., having expired, Dr.

John Parks Gilmer, of San Diego, Calif., has been appointed Commander of this Division for the next ensuing year, such appointment to date from the 8th day of June, 1929.

Commander Gilmer reports that he will at once appoint his Official Staff and Brigade Commanders and inaugurate a campaign for the organization of new Camps and the reorganization of inactive Camps.

DIVISION REUNIONS.

Florida Division, S. C. V. will hold its annual reunion at Lake City, Fla., October 22-24, 1929; the annual reunion of the Georgia Division will be held at Quitman, Ga., on October 8, 9, 1929; the reunion of the Oklahoma Division will convene at Muskogee, Okla., October 8-10, 1929; and the reunion of the Virginia Division is planned to be held at Petersburg October 8-10, 1929.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Texas Division, S. C. V. held its annual reunion at Nacogdoches, Tex., September 3, 1929. The first session was called to order by F. A. Beall, Commander of Stone Fort Camp, No. 966, S. C. V., who introduced the morning speakers.

After the welcoming addresses, the meeting was turned over to Ed S. McCarver, of Orange, State Commander S. C. V.

The program was climaxed with a street dance, in which the public participated.

NEW CAMPS ORGANIZED

Comrade C. Gilbert, Assistant Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., during the month of August organized Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans at Mercedes,

Tex., with membership of fourteen; Weslaco, Tex., with twelve charter members; Mission, Tex., eighteen members; Edinburg, Tex., thirty members; San Benito, Tex., twenty-two members; Dallas, Tex., seventeen members.

At the annual meeting of the Texas Division, S. C. V., recently held at Nacogdoches, Comrade Claude B. Woods, of Wichita Falls, was elected Commander of the Division.

AS PAROLED.

Wishing to get the roster of his company at the close of the war correctly on record, John H. Hatfield, of St. Louis, Mo., sends the following information obtained from the War Department at Washington, D. C., where all Confederate records have been deposited, and this record shows the following:

"J. H. Hatfield (name not found as John H. Hatfield), private, Company B, 4th Battalion Mississippi Cavalry, C. S. A., enlisted November 14, 1861, at Columbus, Miss., at which time he gave his age as eighteen years. This company subsequently became Company D, 2d Regiment Mississippi and Alabama Cavalry and was finally designated Company D, 8th Regiment (Wade's) Confederate Cavalry. The last muster roll of the company on file, which covers the period from June 30 to December 31, 1864, shows him present. His name appears on a muster roll of officers and men paroled in accordance with military convention entered into on the 26th day of April, 1865, between Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding Confederate army, and Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman, commanding United States army in North Carolina, which roll shows that he was paroled at Hillsboro, N. C., May 3, 1865, as a private of Company D, 8th Regiment Confederate Cavalry. . . . The records show that the following named officers and enlisted men were members of Capt. W. A. Ferguson's Company (D), 8th Regiment Confederate Cavalry, on April 26, 1865; W. H. Summerville, first lieutenant, commanding company; F. H. Ball, second lieutenant; J. W. Bridges, first corporal. Privates—J. M. Earle, J. G. Gilham, J. H. Hatfield, J. B. Holder, H. C. Lang, J. B. Mayhew, W. M. Sanders, J. S. Stephens, A. A. Steele, M. A. Taggart."

TENNESSEE CAMP REORGANIZED.

The S. G. Shepherd Camp, U. C. V., at Lebanon, Tenn., has been reorganized, and the following officers elected for the coming year: Commander, E. S. Bowlers; Adjutant, Brack Martin; Color Bearer, William Johnson; First Lieutenant, John Barry; Second Lieutenant, John North; Chaplain, William Green.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

On July 2, 1929, a monument was dedicated near McConnellsburg, Pa., to the memory of two Confederate soldiers who lost their lives in the fighting there on June 30, 1863, the monument being placed at the graves of these soldiers. It is made of Georgia granite and bears the inscription

"CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS:

W. B. MOORE, OF VIRGINIA;

F. A. SHELTON, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

KILLED NEAR HERE IN THE

FIRST BATTLE ON PENNSYLVANIA SOIL,
JUNE 30, 1863."

Representative people of both North and South were present at the exercises. The State of Pennsylvania was represented by its State Archivist, Dr. Hiram H. Skenk, and Adjutant General J. B. Van Metts, of North Carolina, represented the governor of that State; Rosewell Page, of Virginia, represented the governor of his State, and Dr. Archibald Rutledge represented the people of the Carolinas.

The monument is the gift of the Elliott Grays Chapter, U. D. C., of Richmond, Va., and the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and prominent members of the organizations were present.

The American Legion of McConnellsburg furnished the color guard and guard of honor for the unveiling ceremonies. Following the exercises, a dinner was served in the historic old Fulton House, which was the starting point sixty-six years ago for the short but decisive cavalry fight when Imboden's cavalry crossed the mountain and entered McConnellsburg.

VETERANS OF HENRY COUNTY, TENN.

There are twenty-two Confederate veterans still living in Henry County, Tenn., the youngest of whom is eighty-two and the oldest ninety-two years of age. The names and ages are as follows: E. Forrest, 90; William Lloyd, 84; W. P. Erwin, 86; G. W. Wimel, 87; Ike Littleton, 92; P. P. Pullen, 84; J. C. Myrick, 89; W. H. Olive, 86; W. D. Thomas, 88; J. C. McCall, 88; W. M. Jobe, 82; John Bomar, 83; J. P. Peeples, 89; C. I. Byars, Pink Cate, Billie Wilson, Louis Muzzell, (col); William Clement, 82; Bill Moss, 82; Tom Miller, 90; Jim Cooper, 86; and Alex Porter (col.), 86.

Some of these veterans, members of Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., met in annual reunion with veterans of Graves and Callo-way Counties, Ky., on September 19, at Hazel, Ky.

TRIBUTE TO THE C. S. M. A.

(Continued from page 395.)

tired sleep to take up again the grim serial of battle. They see them battered, wounded, and hungry responding to the call of duty. They see them overwhelmed by numbers, repulsed, and then—most wonderful of all!—they see them accepting final defeat like brave and true men.

Especially should the noble old Confederate women be remembered on Memorial Day. It was their part in the great tragedy to suffer in solitude. They had not the privilege to die. They could not join in the songs of the camp nor the excitement of the battle—they could only read of them, be patient—patient and suffer—suffer! When the children became ill, they nursed them all alone. When the little ones cried for food, it was the part of these women to hear their cries without a hope of feeding them. But through it all they were true as the Spartan mothers of classic lore; and they should hold a most affectionate nook in the hearts of our people always.

In conclusion, the writer feels in his heart that,

“When other sixty years have passed,
And all have gone who wore the gray,
Sweet little children with their flowers
Will meet and magnify Memorial Day.
The South’s warm heart is beating yet,
And never, never can forget
Who wore the gray.”

LAST SURVIVOR OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

Four years ago there were eleven survivors of the Mexican War; the last of these has passed with the death of Owen Thomas Edgar on September 3, 1929, at the age of ninety-eight years. The last ten years of his life had been spent in the John Dickson Home, of Washington, D. C.

Mr. Edgar enlisted in the war with Mexico in February, 1846, and was honorably discharged on August 8, 1849. Returning to Philadelphia, his native city, he there studied the printing trade as his life work. An injury, received after the Mexican War, prevented his serving in the War between the States, but he went to Washington in 1861 and secured employment in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where he was later made a division chief, and he was in government service for twenty-five years. He was then connected with the Columbia National Bank for thirty-one years, retiring at the age of eighty-eight on a pension. He was buried in the Congressional Cemetery, Washington, with military and Masonic honors. Three volleys were fired over his grave and taps was sounded.

PORTRAITS IN THE BATTLE ABBEY.

A “Biographic Catalogue” of the portraits in the Confederate Memorial Institute (Battle Abbey), Richmond, Va., has been issued in fine form by the committee, composed of Messrs. Jo Lane Stern, William McK. Evans, and Peter J. White and will be found most valuable for the information it contains. There is a picture of the Confederate battle flag in colors, and the frontispiece is a picture of Gen. R. E. Lee, the original of which was given by General Lee to Jo Lane Stern when he was a student at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. There is also a correct copy of “General Orders No. 9,” as taken from the original in possession of the family of Colonel Marshall, aid-de-camp to General Lee, who prepared the order by direction of General Lee. The larger part of the catalogue is given to the short biographic sketches of Confederate officers and privates whose portraits are hung on the walls of the Battle Abbey. A copy of this catalogue will be sent postpaid for 58 cents. Address the Battle Abbey, Richmond, Va.

U. C. V. CAMP AT BROWNWOOD, TEX.

The following comes from Rev. W. H. White, of Brownwood, who served with Company E, 12th Kentucky Cavalry, Forrest’s command, having enlisted in 1863 at the age of nineteen. He moved from Kentucky to Texas in 1881, where he has been teacher and preacher, and a devout reader of the *VETERAN* since it was published. He says:

“The Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 118, U. C. V., of Brownwood, was organized more than thirty years ago. Since its organization more than three hundred members have been enrolled, of whom there are now only eleven on the Camp roll. We have an annual meeting in January of each year, and keep our dues paid regularly to the State and general organizations. I have been able to attend both reunions this past year.”

Such information from other Camps would be of interest generally, and the *VETERAN* hopes to hear from them.

In renewing subscription to the *VETERAN*, Mrs. J. R. Gibbons, of Bauxite, Ark., writes: “How I wish I had at least a dozen more subscriptions to send for the *VETERAN*. How much interest the reading of it would arouse in our organization and the spirit of patriotism for the cause so dear to—as it should be—the heart of every Daughter of the Confederacy. I wish we could put at least a half dozen subscriptions in every school library in the South.”

OLD GOLD said...

"write whatever you please,

Floyd Gibbons"

"... go out and watch New York's famous Old Seventh Regiment take the concealed name cigarette test. We will publish your eye-witness story word for word" ... *So here it is.*

By Floyd Gibbons

CAMP SMITH, Peekskill, N. Y., Aug. 17th.—I have shared the soldier's cigarette in pretty nearly every corner of the world, and I know how set in his ways an army man can get when it comes to knowing what smoke he likes. So the idea that a two year old cigarette—even if it did have the name OLD GOLD—could win this test over three old time brands seemed unbelievable.

But the thing worked out. At Camp Smith, where I witnessed the test, OLD GOLD put the bee on 506 Yanks of the Old Seventh New York Regiment.

The Old Seventh went OLD GOLD with 195 bull's-eyes as against 144 for the next brand, with the two other old timers rating scores of 81 and 86. What's more, this concealed name test is as square as a regimental parade ground.



FLOYD GIBBONS—Famous American war correspondent and news reporter.

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